For a New Atlantic Alliance

July 14, 1966 35¢

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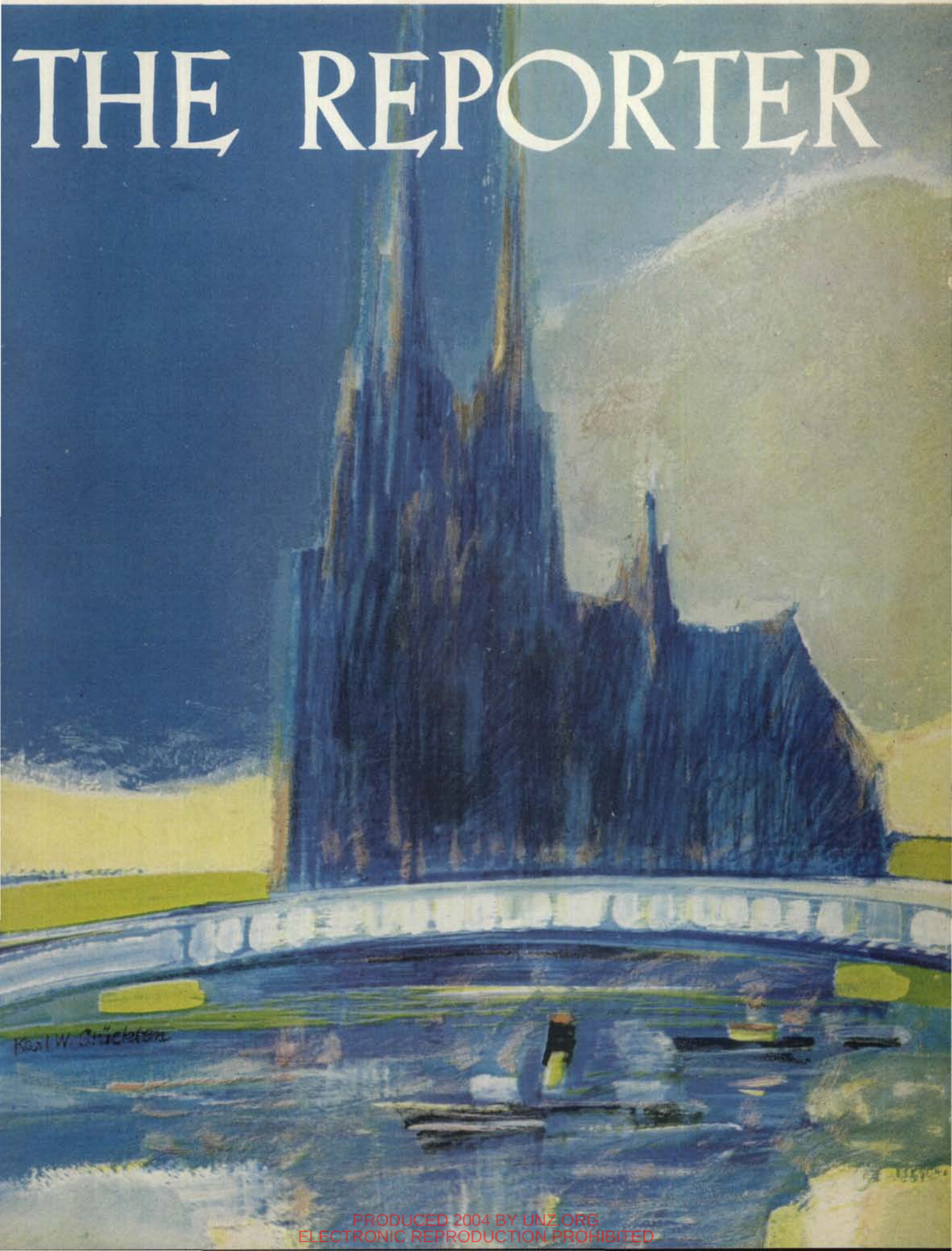
THE REPORTER



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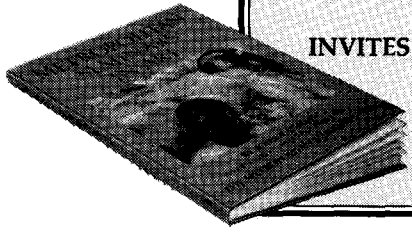
"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?

THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot as far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



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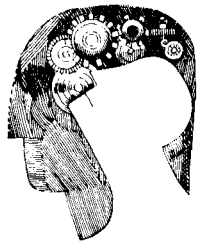

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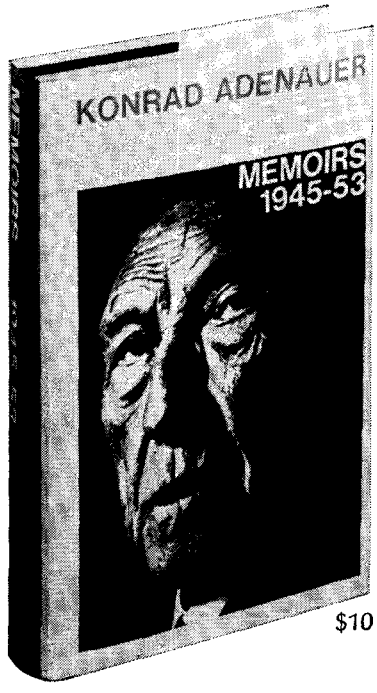

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Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800.
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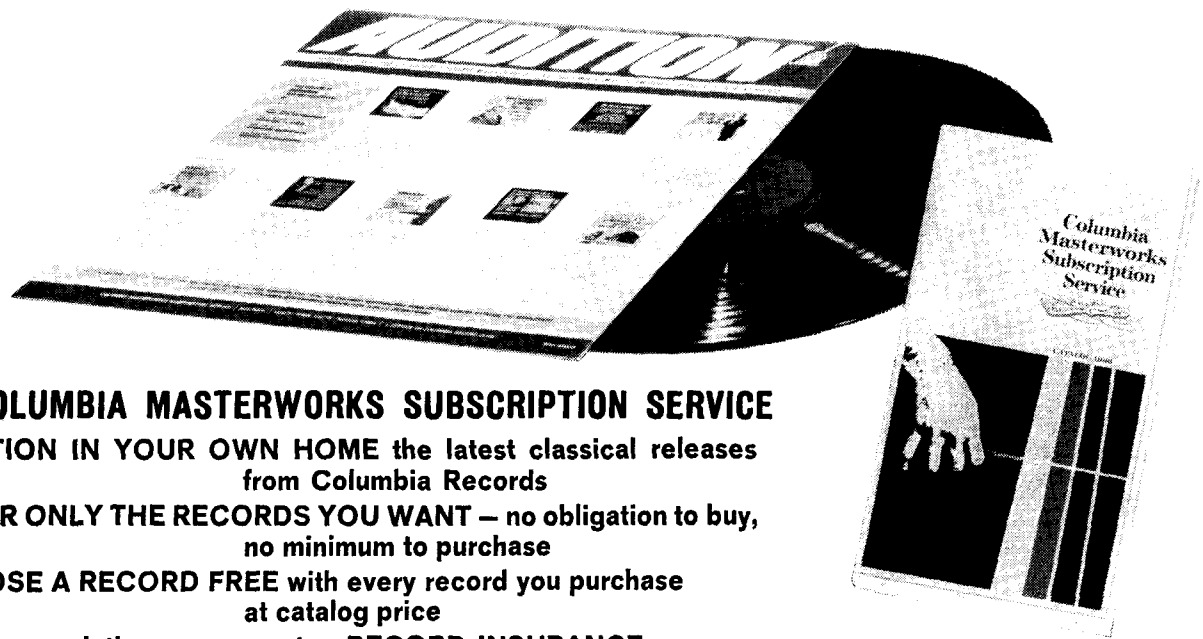

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WM. FULBRIGHT

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE STATE of mind that resists any change in the status quo is often glibly said to be the mark of conservatives. That this is not true is easily seen by the political range of those who react to the present reappraisal in the Atlantic Alliance with dismay. In fact, the situation that has been provoked by President Charles de Gaulle's initiatives is another long-overdue opportunity for renewing the Atlantic relationship to make it stronger in the light of changing conditions. In his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in June, which we now reproduce in full, **Henry A. Kissinger** shows that the harsh medicine of de Gaulle can be beneficial if it makes us realize that the way to preserve the Alliance is to adapt it to the present rather than to insist that it maintain the structure of the past. Dr. Kissinger is professor of government at Harvard University and is a frequent consultant to government agencies. He is the author of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* (Harper, 1957) and *The Troubled Partnership: A Reappraisal of the Atlantic Alliance* (McGraw-Hill, 1965), and is the editor of *Problems of National Strategy* (Praeger, 1966).

THE PROCESS of dismantling Sukarnoism has been bloody and frustrating. The greatest frustration has been provided by the continued presence of the discredited dictator, whose hold on the people can be broken only gradually. **Denis Warner's** report from Djakarta describes the magnitude of the economic and political problems facing Indonesia. . . . Is **Fernando Krahn** on the side of the angels? . . . One of the games people play is called "Buying a Car," and according to **Meg Greenfield,** chess is child's play by comparison. . . . The hopeful predictions that accompanied Peruvian President Belaúnde's first months in office have given way to expressions of doubt as his administration's reforms have been systematically sidetracked by a curious alliance of rightists and leftists in the Peruvian Congress. **Selden Rodman** is the author of many books on Latin America, including *The Road to Panama,* recently published by Hawthorn, and *The Peru Traveller,* to be issued next year by Duell, Sloan & Pearce. . . . **Martin Mayer's** experience in visiting the iron mines of the Grangësberg Company both in Lapland and Liberia provided him with material for his observations on how a small community of Swedish engineers orders life in two utterly different remote outposts. Mayer is a member of the President's Panel on Educational Research and Development and is an educational research director for the Twentieth Century Fund.

ASPIRATION to sainthood is not in itself an unusual theme, but **Isaac Bashevis Singer's** point—that the saint may exact a high price from those who may be called upon to subsidize his quest—is. Mr. Singer's most recent book, *In My Father's Court,* a series of autobiographical sketches, was published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. . . . The Spanish Sahara, a West African colony between Morocco and Mauritania, is seldom visited by Americans. **Frederic V. Grunfeld** found it to be a last outpost of a slightly tarnished Beau Geste-style romanticism. . . . In what must be the most articulate age the world has seen, even baseball players are hell-bent on communication. **Jay Jacobs** considers the demise of the laconic athlete. . . . **Robley Wilson, Jr.,** teaches at the State College of Iowa. . . . **Madeleine Chapsal** wrote the script of the award-winning film *To Die in Madrid.* . . . **James R. Phelan** is a California-based free-lance writer who has long followed the career of Howard Hughes.

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FULBRIGHT

To the Editor: That "rare and valuable . . . political creature," Senator Fulbright, has withstood criticism in the past, and will doubtless survive the muddleheaded inanities of Henry Fairlie ("Old Realities and New Myths," *The Reporter,* June 16).

The source of all the friction appears to be Fulbright's refusal to indulge Fairlie's (or possibly his grandfather's) predisposition for wanting things both ways. Apparently there is no pleasing the peevish Mr. Fairlie. With suffocating archness he takes Fulbright to task for reaffirming some of the notions he held in 1964; then devotes the remainder of the article to castigating him for developing new ones. Or again, when Fulbright, in pursuit of his thesis that America is in danger of succumbing to the arrogance of power, carefully inserts qualifiers to demonstrate his awareness that the historical tendency has exceptions, Fairlie first upbraids him for having made a conditional statement and then pretends to discover the exceptions for himself, as if Fulbright had attempted to conceal them. One wonders what Fairlie would have found to say had Fulbright omitted the qualifiers.

Indeed, Fairlie does not shrink from adopting whatever degree of obtuseness suits his purpose: he purports to find a "flat contradiction" between the statement that wars arise from human nature and the statement that they need not necessarily do so. Nor does his own reading of history overwhelm with its logic: the Brinton-Fulbright analysis of revolution is erroneous because the Third Republic "collapsed ignominiously" seventy years after its founding. Presumably Fairlie would judge the American Revolution uninstitutionalized because the Union collapsed in 1861. But perhaps I misread him; perhaps he would be satisfied had the Third Republic collapsed with slow dignity.

Stripped of its petulance and debating-society cunning, Fairlie's piece asserts merely that Fulbright's analogy to Athens is false: "There is no historical, no philosophical, no political principle at work in America today even remotely similar to that which impelled Athens to its ruin." Now who's being simplified, careless, and vulgar?

EDWARD A. FACEN
University of Pittsburgh

To the Editor: Mr. Fairlie seems to imply that Senator Fulbright's statements of 1964 should be somehow binding and immutable. Yet between the publication of the Senator's book and his lectures at Johns Hopkins, after all, we have witnessed the U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic

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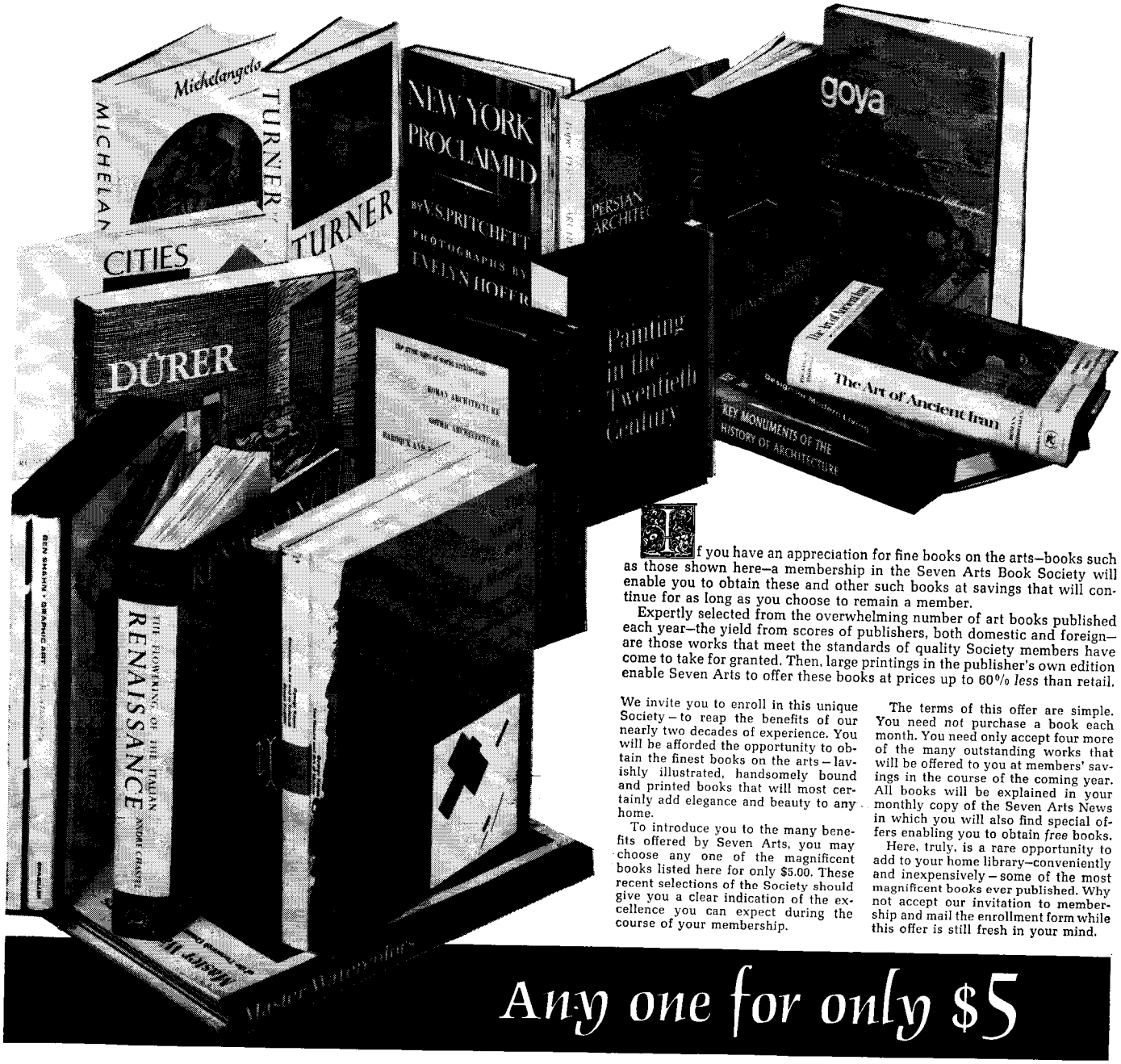

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and massive escalation of the war in Vietnam. And we have had to accept, reject, or be troubled about the pretext for our action in both cases—from the "incident" in the Gulf of Tonkin to the still-disputed estimates of Communist influence among the "constitutionalist" revolutionaries in Santo Domingo.

These irreversible decisions, along with their implications for the future, are surely cause enough for "moralism" and searching reappraisal of U.S. policy. And in using passages from his 1964 book in the Johns Hopkins lectures, Senator Fulbright surely did so with an ironic appreciation of their new relevance to the realities of 1966.

DONALD A. DRURY
Long Beach, California

To the Editor: Bravo! and thrice bravo to Henry Fairlie for his trenchant critique of J. W. Fulbright. The Senator's historiography is at times truly intellectually scandalous. Also, his sorry record on civil rights hardly legitimizes his frequent posture of moral superiority in the matter of domestic needs vs. our involvement in Vietnam. His formulations on foreign policy, while couched in bland philosophical rhetoric, scarcely demonstrate any conspicuous or singular profundity. Bismarck once described Napoleon III as "that great undiscovered incapacity." The Senator could, I believe, be fairly so characterized.

DR. EMERSON JACOB
State University College
Fredonia, New York

NATIONAL SERVICE

To the Editor: In "Selective Service and National Needs" (*The Reporter*, June 16), Bruce K. Chapman asks probing questions about proposed national service plans to which, I suspect, proponents will be hard pressed to find satisfactory answers.

Must, however, the choice of draftees by lottery merely substitute injustice by non-human hands for injustice by human hands? I think not, if the system is properly designed. If draftees were selected from the nationwide group of young men between ages eighteen and a half and nineteen and a half before many have children, acquire important skills, or hold vital jobs, a choice by lot would be a fair method of choosing among candidates upon which the special duty of two years' service would weigh fairly equally. For exceptional cases, such as those of extreme personal hardship, a limited number of deferments or exemptions would still have to be made.

A national lottery alternative of this kind merits careful consideration in the upcoming debate on draft reform.

HENRY S. REUSS
House of Representatives

To the Editor: I would like to commend Mr. Chapman for his thorough-

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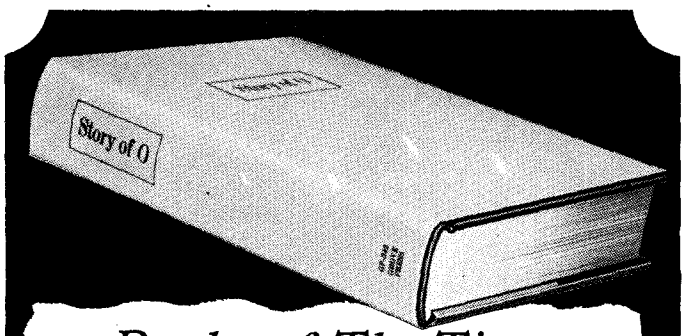

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. . . But what art is about is seeing, which is why art is always at war with those who would righteously restrict the scope or manner of its vision. "Story of O" . . . is a significant measure of how far we have come in lifting the restrictions on art and our responses to it . . . But it is art's gain, and I would suggest that what art gains we all gain.

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going and thought-provoking coverage of what is at best a most complex issue.

To the extent that he has imputed a sense of "involuntary servitude" to my concept of national service, I feel obligated to set the record straight.

I believe the responsibilities of citizenship should be borne by more citizens, and not alone by the relatively small percentage of young men who take up arms in combat to defend our nation and concept of freedom.

In view of the gigantic tasks, both foreign and domestic, to which we as a nation must address ourselves, I do believe that it is time that we expand our views to the realities of the total world in which we live, and our concept of service to the nation.

The plan for national service in no way pre-empts the military draft system, which continues to be a priority obligation. But for those deferred, not called, or otherwise eligible rejectees, it simply offers additional constructive *options* for creditable service in the national interest. It would extend the privilege of service to a larger proportion of eligible young men, but obviously not to all of our youth.

It should be noted that over fifty per cent of the eligible age groups are consistently rejected for armed service for physical, mental, or moral reasons. Further, there are inequities of choice among the remaining fifty per cent of the youth. This is a problem we must face up to as a national issue. Through my national service plan, I suggest that we try to habilitate as many of our rejectees as possible.

Recognizing that "universal" service cannot be achieved, and further that there are serious inequities in the current "selection" process for the draft, I simply suggest that different but equally important contributions can be made, and that on an optional basis, both the states and the nation can profitably develop and utilize a much larger segment of our young population to the mutual benefit of the nation and the youths themselves. In the final analysis, our nation's future belongs to the youth of America. I deplore the argument that such a system would subvert the citizen to the state, rather than equip the state for the benefit of its citizens and future.

JACOB K. JAVITS
United States Senate

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 14 issue your next copy will be dated August 11. That will be followed by the September 8 issue, and our regular fortnightly schedule will be resumed.

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4. London. Mantovani Magic. Cara Mia, Misty, Stardust, Mona Lisa, Red Roses For A Blue Lady, Lover.

5. Command. The Ray Charles Singers. Vol. 2. Embraceable You, She Loves Me, Volare, Aloha Oe, No More Blues, etc.

6. Columbia. Andy Williams. Try To Remember, Shadow Of Your Smile, Yesterday, Michelle, others.

7. Capitol. Nat King Cole, Ramblin' Rose, Goodnight Irene, Skip To My Lou, Your Cheatin' Heart, Good Times.

8. Decca. Bert Kaempfert. Three O'Clock In The Morning, You You You, If I Give My Heart To You, etc.

9. Liberty. Martin Denny. Autumn Leaves. Stranger In Paradise, Lisbon Antigua, The "In" Crowd, Ruby.

10. Smash. Roger Miller. Golden Hits, King Of The Road, Engine Engine #9, Dang Me, In The Summertime.

11. RCA. Eddy Arnold. I Want To Go With You, Pardon Me, One Kiss For Old Times' Sake, Somebody Loves You.

12. Kapp. Jack Jones for the "In" Crowd. Yesterday, 1-2-3, The Weekend, Wildflower, Just Yesterday, others.

13. United Artists. Lena In Hollywood. Never On Sunday, All The Way, Moon River, Singing In The Rain, etc.

14. MGM. Connie Francis. Misertou, Exodus, And I Love Her, Havah Nagila, Girl From Ipanema, Mack The Knife.

15. Dot. The Mills Bros. Great Hits. Lazy River, Paper Doll, Glow Worm, I'll Be Around, Be My Life Companion.

16. RCA. Los Indios Tabajaras. Flight Of The Bumble Bee, Waltz Of The Flowers, Minute Waltz, Ritual Fire Dance.

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17. Columbia. Ives: Symphony No. 4. Leopold Stokowski conducting The American Symphony Orchestra.

18. DGG. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1. Sviatoslav Richter, pianist. Von Karajan, conducting.

19. London. Phase 4. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Debussy: The The Engulfed Castle.

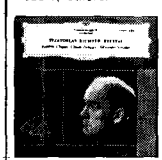
20. RCA. Fiedler, Boston Pops. Holiday For Strings. Humoresque, Swanee River, Malaguena, Pizzicato Polka.

21. RCA. Montserrat Caballe sings Zarzuela Arias. Popular Music of Spain. Bohemios, El Nino Judio, others.

22. Angel. Carmen Highlights. Maria Callas. Incl. Habanera, Seguidilla, Chanson Boheme, Toreador Song, etc.

23. Columbia. The Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Bless This House. Great Music Of Faith and Inspiration.

24. RCA. Schubert: Sonata in G. Op. 78. Peter Serkin, pianist. A monumental work . . . beautiful, fiersurely . . .



25. DGG. Svjatoslav Richter: Recital. Chopin, Debussy, Scriabin. Polonaise-Fantaisie; Estampes, etc.

26. Columbia. Mozart: 17 Festival Sonatas for Organ and Orch. E. Power Biggs. Rozsnyai, conducting.

27. Angel. La Boheme Highlights. Mirella Freni, Gedda. Schippers conducting; Rome Opera House Orch.

28. Columbia. Nielsen: Sym. No. 3. Leonard Bernstein conducts The Royal Danish Orch. in Sinfonia Espansiva.

29. Columbia. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concertos Nos. 2 & 3. Gary Graffman, pianist. Ormandy; Philadelphia Orch.

30. Reprise. Frank Sinatra. Strangers In The Night. On A Clear Day, Downtown, All Or Nothing At All, etc.

31. Verve. Getz/Gilberto #2. Live At Carnegie Hall. Meditation, Stan's Blues, O Pato, Bim Bom, others.

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The President Answers

The most disconcerting thing about the war in Vietnam is that in that country Communism has been showing itself at its rawest, just when relaxation of tension, interchange of products, and goodwill at large have, it is said, replaced old ideological conflicts. For those who believe the era of goodwill is here, there is something anachronistic in the conflicts that, for decades, have deprived the Vietnamese people, North and South, of any peace. The anachronism, of course, could be neatly and quickly eliminated should the American government decide to bring its soldiers home. There wouldn't even be need of elections then: there was no ballot, fettered or unfettered, in North Vietnam, and the people who stayed in the country were hardened in the Communist mold.

In the South, things went differently, for from the beginning there were Americans there, not in large numbers, not in military formation, not even remotely a nucleus of a Colonial bureaucracy. All those Americans sent to assist the local authorities in giving the new half-country a framework of a national structure could not close their eyes when, in 1959, the Vietcong rampage first erupted. It was Communism of the most primitive type, trained and organized in the North. It was the systematic throat-cutting of teachers, mayors, and village leaders. At the beginning, it could not even be called a civil war but a series of preventive measures intended to discourage the opposite side from ever fighting a civil war.

THE CHARACTER of our country's participation in the Vietnamese war can scarcely be defined in quantitative terms by listing the number of servicemen who have been sent there, of the new techniques in guerrilla warfare, or of the casualties suffered on both sides. From the first direct participation of American uniformed servicemen in the battle, it has been a sample war exerting all over the world an impact utterly disproportionate to the remoteness of the land.

If the loyalty of our major allies had to be measured by their more or less urbane criticism of the war itself, the worth of the alliance would not be great, and at present Harold Wilson would have to be judged inferior to de Gaulle. As to our major and real opponents, there is no evidence that they are getting tired of providing the North Vietnamese or Vietcong cannon fodder with adequate weapons. Here at home, honorable men in public life are more than ready to concede to our enemies all the four or fourteen points they demand.

Until very recently, the administration had imposed on itself extraordinary limitations in fighting that "dirty" little war. (There must have been clean wars sometime, probably waged by knights in armor.) It was generally assumed that "limited war" meant non-atomic war, but American leaders had stretched that concept to rule out any kind of warfare in which a Russian or a Chinese technician could be hurt. The double-feature, well-balanced war-peace offensive had become a standard offering of American statesmanship.

In the last few weeks, there have been a few heartening changes. While the formal alliances are going through a phase of disarray, a new international relationship of informal character has quietly come into existence at a recent conference in South Korea. Nine nations, headed by Japan, participated, while some others were eagerly involved but discreetly absent. The United States, a non-Asian power, was obviously absent, in spite of the fact that without our intervention in the Vietnamese war, the Korean conference would have been unthinkable. We should start getting reconciled to the notion that the influence of our country comes from what it does and is, more than from the parchments and charters that it promotes and signs.

In his Omaha address, the President mentioned the Korean meeting. He also said, most cogently: "We are fighting in South Vietnam a different kind of war than we've ever known in the past." That war, he said, ". . .will determine whether might makes right. Now I do not know of a single more important reason for our presence than this." There *is* none more important.

Because of the American fighting soldiers, that poor battered Asian country has become the pivot in our —and not just our—contest with Communism. The President has said it forcefully and clearly: "We will see this through; we shall persist; we shall succeed." We will succeed.

—MAX ASCOLI

Marching Where?

The Meredith marchers had trod the red Mississippi soil for twenty-two days and now the ordeal, marked by a shooting, a tear gassing, a brawl, and many other angry and violent moments, was over. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., climbed aboard an early Monday morning flight to Atlanta with several of his aides, the fatigue still showing on their faces.

Did the march do any good? "Oh, I think so," Dr. King told a fellow passenger. "It's just unfortunate we weren't able to get across the incredible conditions, the degradation Negroes live under in Mississippi, because of all the focus on dissension within."

The Reverend Bernard Lee of Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference had much more to say on the subject. "We've learned a lesson from this march," he be-

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gan. "We can't work with SNCC, or for that matter with CORE either. This time it was unavoidable. We had to pick up the march once Meredith was shot. And SNCC was here when we arrived. But we've learned. From now on we'll keep Stokeley [Carmichael] off Dr. King's coattails. Did you notice that every time the cameras were running, there was Stokely right next to Dr. King?"

If there were differences among the civil-rights activists before the Mississippi march, in its aftermath there are signs of real trouble between King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Carmichael's Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, and Floyd McKissick's Congress of Racial Equality. It centers on the meaning and usage of the phrase "black power."

It is not long since SNCC delegates held an all-night meeting at Nashville during which John Lewis was dumped from the leadership and replaced by Carmichael, the bright Howard University philosophy major who is a veteran of the freedom rides and has spent three of his last five birthdays in jail, including fifty days in solitary confinement at Mississippi's Parchman Prison, where brutalization of civil-rights workers is common. Carmichael has postponed a scholarship for advanced study to continue his work organizing Negroes in Alabama and Mississippi.

The black power slogan is a catch-phrase that has caught on, and there is a good deal of apprehension as to just what Carmichael and his SNCC followers mean by it. When pressed, Carmichael likes to say it simply means the Negro wants political power "just like the Irish did . . . in Boston." But Carmichael is a radical among his fellows, and his speeches make it clear he is talking about something else besides a seat at the table.

Right after his take-over, Carmichael made it clear that the white civil-rights workers, who have always been an important element of SNCC, would have to move to the back of the bus. At this point in the struggle, he says, only Negroes can preach to other Negroes in the fight for identity and power. And, as logical corollaries, he has told interviewers, "We want quality education, not integrated education"; "We feel integration is irrelevant; it is just a substitute for white supremacy. We have got to go after political power."

In some ways, the issue is not one of substance but of image. It is true that Carmichael refuses to reject violence as a means of attaining Negro goals, but in actions he has been consistently nonviolent. "If I reject nonviolence, how can I speak to such as the people of Watts?" he once asked an interviewer. Still, it was the Mississippi march, and especially the presence of King, that made Stokely Carmichael a national figure almost overnight. The effect, apparently, has been to scare off some of the white liberals who have supplied the money for much of the civil-rights struggle. This, along with the real potential of radical white reaction, appears to be what is worrying Dr. King. His aide, Bernard Lee, made an interesting point on the trip to Atlanta. "SNCC has always been very much against image and charisma," he said. "Now all of a sudden they have a leader who is all image and charisma. It will be interesting to see how long he lasts as chairman."

Despite all the contention over the march, its successes were real enough. More than four thousand Negroes registered in the fourteen counties touched by the marchers. And usually timid tenant farmers offered their homes, their food, and their farmlands for camping.

Roy Reed of the New York *Times* tells the story of a civil-rights worker who spent a night in jail in a town the marchers had passed through and where they had held a courthouse rally. Two white prisoners were about to manhandle the rights worker when the jailer intervened. "These niggers will get you in a lot of trouble," he said.

Newsworthy

"Bobby Baker, owner of Carousel Motel, told Chamber of Commerce representatives this week that he hopes to set up a young people's club by July.

" 'There just isn't anything wholesome for the young people to do,' he told them at a dinner Wednesday night."

—*Report in the Ocean City, Maryland* Beachcomber.

THRENODY IN QUARTER TONES

I always wonder which is which
Each time I read about a Thich.
This makes my mind a whorl of whiches
Because the news is laced with Thiches.
There's Thich Tri Quang and Thich Tam Chau
And Thich Minh Chieu and Thich Van Mau . . .
Sometimes I dream—I mean no harm—
Their land is like MacDonald's farm—
  Here a Thich,
    There a Thich,
      Everywhere a Thich-Thich,
Hymning the hours in their jade-green niche-niche.

Awake, I curse my thralldom to this Oriental witchery
That makes each morning's inky page a thicket mined with Thichery.
But then I turn for solace to our poet, Ogden Nashery—
Remember what he taught us in his Treasury of Trashery? . . .
  "The Thich stained saffron—he's a priest.
  The Thich stained crimson—he's a beast.
    But I will bet the kitten's britches
    There aren't many stain-free Thiches."

I'll follow McNamara to the last, last ditch—
But, really, must we fight 'em to the last, last Thich?

—Wallace Carroll

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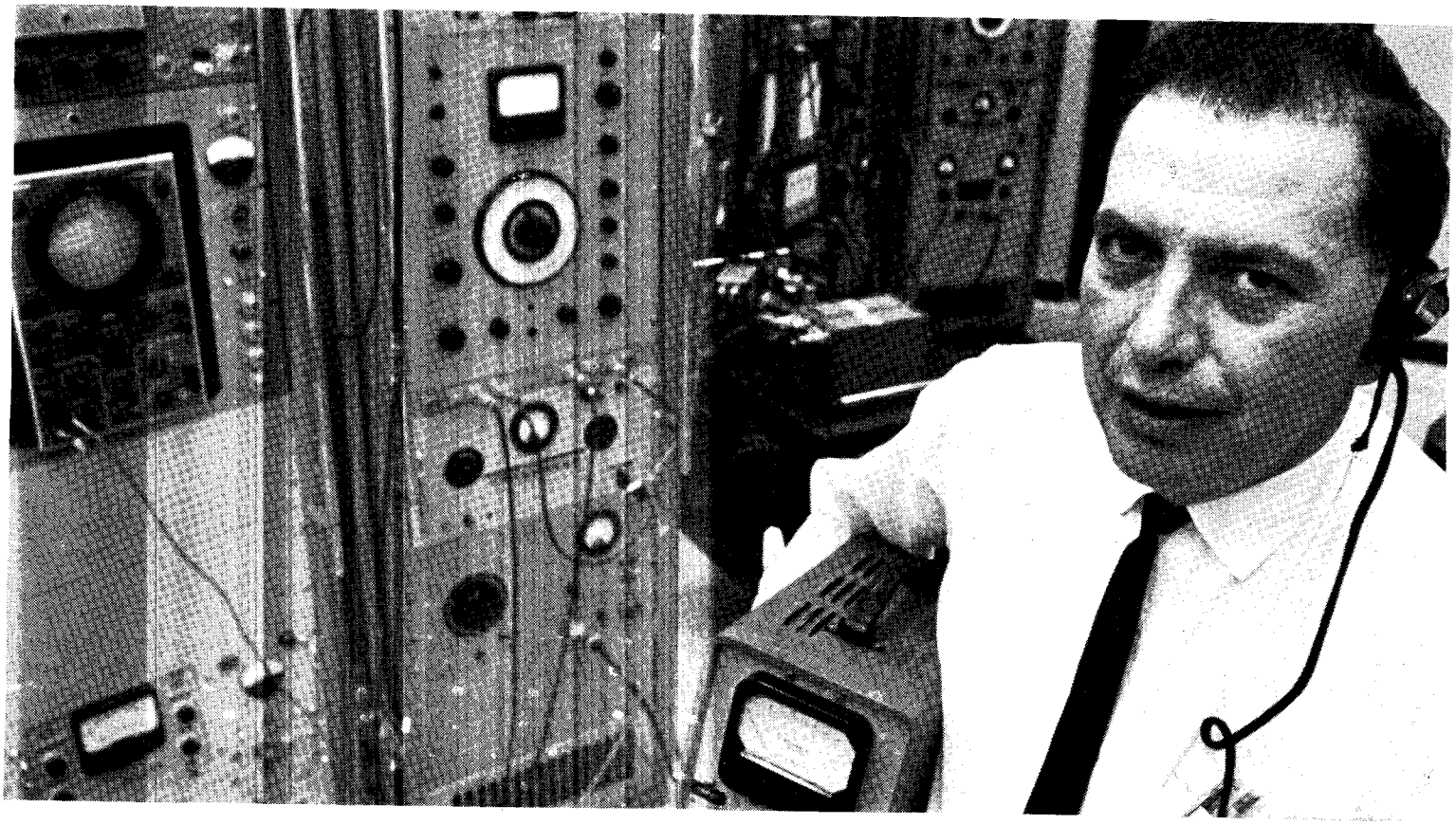
Gene Smith got the radio bug in 1927...

today he's an electronics analyzer at GM



The date: September 22, 1927. Gene Smith of Huntington, West Virginia, hunches over a radio crackling with static and the excitement of an historic fight—the second Dempsey-Tunney world heavyweight match.

But more importantly, for Gene, it's his first closeup look at radio, and he is fascinated with the maze of wire and tubes that somehow—miraculously—snatch the announcer's voice from the air. That fascination never cools.

First, Gene Smith built crude crystal sets. Then, he rebuilt a set operated off his father's car battery. Next a plug-in set, one of the first in the neighborhood. And radio was a big part of his life in the U.S. Navy, where he served as Radio Technician, 1st Class.

And then, in 1953, Gene Smith joined the Cadillac Division of General Motors and set up the Test Instrumentation Application Section. Today he heads up a crack team of technicians responsible for the accuracy of test equipment that helps make Cadillac the leader among luxury cars.

There were three winners that eventful Fall day many years ago: Gene Tunney, Gene Smith and General Motors!

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For a New Atlantic Alliance

HENRY A. KISSINGER

THE CURRENT NATO CRISIS was triggered by a unilateral, pre-emptory French demand. But it would be wrong to conclude that the pattern of relationships which had developed after the war could have continued. The withdrawal of France from integrated commands forced a reconsideration of the structure and the purpose of the Alliance that would have been inevitable in any case—though the atmosphere was surely worsened by France's tactics.

It is well to keep three things in mind at the outset. First, the present crisis is a family affair. It concerns internal arrangements between closely related peoples. France is not our basic opponent in the world; unless statesmen everywhere submerge their judgment in their passions, there are objective limits that reality imposes on inter-allied discord.

Second, the present crisis marks the end of the phase of U.S.-European relationships that was ushered in by the Greek-Turkish aid program and led through the Marshall Plan to the construction of the Atlantic Alliance. Nothing can restore the former state of affairs. In many ways this should be an occasion for self-congratulation rather than bitterness. Goals that seemed visionary in the late 1940's have been essentially achieved. Europe has recovered its economic strength and much political vitality. The threat of imminent invasion no longer dominates people's minds.

Third—and somewhat contradictorily—Europe's recovery is still tenuous. It is often assumed that European vitality will be permanent and that the primary problem is to moderate Europe's assertiveness. However, the vigor so noticeable in Europe today is very close in time to nihilism; European confidence is still shaky. To avoid both the danger of excessive nationalism and a new version of neutralism is the challenge before the Alliance.

Foreign policy knows no plateaus. What does not become a point for new departures soon marks the beginning of an inexorable decline. It would be unprecedented if a policy developed in the late 1940's remained valid for the 1970's. The original conception of NATO was correct for the situation that then existed. But it no longer exhausts current challenges. What we need today is another leap of the imagination similar to that which took place two decades ago.

The American View

Any attempt to sum up American policy in a few sentences is bound to be highly misleading. What follows must be taken as a summary of a dominant trend that has been followed with various degrees of consistency.

1. *Commitment to an Atlantic Community Based on Equal Partnership.* The United States has supported the notion of an equal partnership between the United States and Europe. This Grand Design—variously symbolized by such concepts as "dumbbell" or "twin pillars"—was based on the proposition that an Atlantic partnership would enable our European allies to share our global responsibilities more equitably.

2. *Support for a United Europe on a Federal Basis.* European unity has been considered by American policymakers as a prerequisite to the formation of an Atlantic Community. A politically and economically integrated Europe would become an equal partner with the United States and share with us the burdens and obligations of world leadership. To its supporters, in Europe as well as in the United States, such a partner-

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ship has seemed realizable by only one method: a politically unified Europe in close association with the United States. Similarly, a single solution has been offered for the achievement of European unity: supranational federal institutions controlled by a European Parliament. American pronouncements have often played down anything less as no unity at all.

3. *Integrated Defense.* While the United States has advocated a twin-pillar concept in the political and economic realm, it has urged an integrated military defense. Partly this has reflected the conviction that with modern weapons, defense is indivisible; partly it was due to our special responsibility in the nuclear field: ninety-five per cent of the nuclear arsenal of the Alliance belongs to the United States. Only those allies on whose territory nuclear weapons are located share in their control and then only negatively: they can prevent these weapons from being fired but they cannot make us fire them nor can they prevent us from resorting to nuclear weapons located elsewhere.

Finally, the United States has insisted on central command and control of nuclear weapons in the Alliance. It has sought to meet the concerns of its allies—real or imagined—by a number of devices running from the creation of a new nuclear force (either in the form of a multilateral force or of an Atlantic nuclear force) to the NATO Special Committee, the so-called McNamara Committee. (The nuclear problem will be discussed in greater detail below.)

United States policy has had the great advantage of offering a clear-cut concept. In the early stages of the Atlantic Alliance it provided the basic impetus for European recovery. Its major drawback has been not that it was wrong but that one conceivable pattern of relationships has sometimes been presented as the only possible one. A too theoretical and schematic approach runs the risk of losing touch with contemporary European realities.

For all its idealism, the American view has always contained some inconsistencies. In the emerging areas the nation-state has been treated as natural, and in Eastern Europe great hope has been placed in nationalism as a counterweight to Communism. But in Western Europe, where the concept of nationalism had originated, American policy has decried the nation-state as outdated and backward.

Moreover, American claims regarding the general applicability of our Federal institutions have ignored those factors which have made the American experience unique. The American Federal Union was formed on a new continent by states sharing a common historical experience. The American colonies had fought together to achieve their freedom. They were roughly of the same size. They had no tradition of sovereignty in the conduct of foreign relations. Their peoples were of similar cultural background and spoke the same language.

The situation in Europe differs fundamentally. Every European state

is the product of many centuries of a history in which a sense of national identity was often linked to what distinguished a nation from its neighbors. Independence for many countries required a long process of struggle against the domination of other European states. In other words, the nations of Europe were formed in a manner that emphasized their uniqueness. It is no accident that support for federal institutions has come on the whole from smaller countries accustomed to the protection of some major power or from countries like West Germany or Italy, eager to escape their past. France and Great Britain, with the longest history as national states, have consistently aimed for a confederal rather than a federal solution. Another inconsistency in the American position has been our ardent advocacy of Britain's entry into Europe and also of a federal structure that is as unacceptable in London as in Paris.

These problems might have remained dormant for many years but for the emergence of President de Gaulle—though it is my view that they would have had to be faced sooner or later. Deliberately, brutally, often cynically exploiting American inconsistencies. President de Gaulle has proclaimed a completely different view of Atlantic relationships and European unity.

The Gaullist Conception

However irritating de Gaulle's methods and however brutal his tactics, there are few figures whom it is more crucial to see in historical perspective. For his policy reflects at its core a deep awareness of the suffering of his people over the span of a generation. Few countries have known the travail that France has suffered since it lost much of its young generation in the First World War. Victorious in 1918, France knew better than any of its allies how close to defeat it had been. Inchoately, the survivors of that catastrophe realized that France could not stand another trial like the one just surmounted. Deprived of its youth, fearful of its defeated antagonist, feeling misunderstood by its allies, France experienced in the interwar period an almost uninterrupted succession of frustrations. The French collapse of 1940 was as much moral as military. Even though France emerged among the victors of the Second World War, its leaders were aware, despite all the rhetoric and perhaps because of it, that France had been saved largely through the efforts of others.

Once more, peace brought no respite. Instead, the Fourth Republic experienced the same governmental instability as the Third, and in addition it had to go through the searing process of decolonization. Humiliated in 1940, the French Army had barely been reconstituted when it was obliged to engage in nearly two decades of frustrating colonial wars each of which ended in defeat.

President de Gaulle's brutal tactics sometimes give the impression that a powerful, self-confident France has been a permanent feature of the postwar landscape. It is all but forgotten that between 1958 and 1962 France was on the verge of civil war three times. So well has de Gaulle succeeded in his tour de force that

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his critics act as if the only problem for Europe were to moderate excesses of French assertiveness—a notion that would have been inconceivable five years ago. Thus in a certain sense de Gaulle's objective may well be pedagogical: to teach his country and his continent attitudes of independence and self-reliance. This is an act of historical importance wholly consistent with American long-range interests, however abrupt and annoying the methods by which it comes about.

THE ATTEMPT to achieve more self-reliance makes de Gaulle wary of integration in any sphere, but particularly in the military field. De Gaulle believes that countries without direct responsibility for their defense will not make the necessary effort over a period of time. This situation will lead, in his view, to a growing sense of impotence and dependence on the United States. Where the United States believes in the obsolescence of the nation-state, de Gaulle passionately affirms its continued role. Where the United States and many Europeans want to construct a united Europe by way of federal institutions, de Gaulle bases his notion of Europe on agreement among governments. Where the United States tends to equate unity with formal, legal commitments, de Gaulle emphasizes the notion of interest and equilibrium. He insists on autonomy in nuclear matters; recently he has come close to affirming freedom of action across the whole spectrum of defense. Once an advocate of an autonomous if confederated Europe, he seems to have become disillusioned by the possibilities of Franco-German cooperation which would be essential to such a scheme and for the failure of which many French officials blame American pressures. He has, therefore, resurrected the first hints of the classic Russo-French understanding. Whatever his motive, de Gaulle has moved from advocating the unity of Western Europe to holding out a vision of the unity of *all* of Europe. He has made himself the spokesman for a relaxation of East-West tensions.

De Gaulle's abrupt and unilateral tactics often tempt his opponents to absorb their energies in dealing with the symptoms to the neglect of the deeper challenge. Whatever we may think of his answers, he has posed questions the West will not be able to avoid answering. There is merit in his contention that before a political unit can mean something to others it must first mean something to itself. It would be wrong, moreover, to picture de Gaulle as totally isolated. Many Europeans support his views—especially on NATO questions and East-West relations—though they are too used to the old pattern to say so openly. Some of his critics oppose him for reasons of domestic, not of foreign, policy; the recent actions of his challenger in the presidential election, François Mitterrand, illustrate this point. Others affirm a version of Atlanticism that comes close to shifting

all responsibility to us. It is possible to argue that but for de Gaulle the previous pattern might have continued; now it cannot be restored even after de Gaulle's departure.

At the same time de Gaulle's imperious style explains why he has often thwarted his own aims. Man is not governed by reason alone. History may appear inevitable in retrospect, but it is made by men who cannot always distinguish their emotion from their analysis. De Gaulle's wounding insistence on intellectual submission to his maxims and his rigid defense of an extreme conception of sovereignty has antagonized even those who share his aspiration for greater European autonomy. His tactics create the impression that he desires autonomy not to enhance the unity of the West but to enable him to pursue policies contradictory, if not hostile, to those of the United States. De Gaulle may be right in demanding a greater role for Europe; but his refusal to go beyond the framework of the nation-state prevents him from implementing this insight. This may be the nemesis of de Gaulle's policies.

The Problem of Germany

The real victim of the current split in the Atlantic Alliance has been the Federal Republic of Germany. Urged by France to pursue a "European" course and by the United States toward "Atlantic" conceptions, advised to seek unity now by firmness, now by conciliation, pressed to meet balance-of-payments costs, the pillar of everybody's construction and the worry of many, the Federal Republic stands in danger of losing the precarious stability that it has so painfully and so responsibly developed since the war.

For the seeming balance and solidity of postwar Germany, which causes it to be the object of constant wooing, is highly deceptive. Every German over fifty-five—and this includes almost all leaders—has lived through three revolutions. He has known four different régimes each claiming to be morally antithetical to its predecessor. He has seen Germany lose two world wars and experience two catastrophic inflations. Every German over forty has lived through the Nazi period, the Second World War, and the postwar collapse. Germany has suffered too many breaks in historical continuity and too many shocks to sustain prolonged pressure. Great national prosperity has developed at the same time that national, political, and territorial integrity has been lost. The incongruity of this situation contributes to the insecurity of German leadership groups, the legalism of whose policy prescriptions often hides a lack of inner assurance.

This sense of insecurity is absolutely central. The dominant German desire is to escape the burden of difficult choices. The German nightmare is a reappearance of the historical isolation that for almost its entire national history has forced Germany to confront hostility on all its borders, east and west. If this situation reappears, German worries could take dramatic form. If the

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Federal Republic becomes the focal point of all European tensions, German frustrations are likely to turn on the seeming cause of its isolation. It is essential that we do not find ourselves in that position. This, not the nuclear issue, is the real German "problem."

The German "problem" is complicated not only by history but by difficulties of policy. Alone among the western powers, the Federal Republic cannot be satisfied with the territorial status quo. Any foreseeable German government, regardless of party, will have as one of its paramount objectives the reunification of the German people. Until 1961, it was assumed that this goal could be achieved by ever closer integration within the Atlantic Alliance. The Berlin Wall shattered these hopes. It is clear that however German unity comes about —if ever—it will be under conditions other than a movement of the frontiers of NATO toward the East. All German political parties grope for "new approaches" to a problem which in the present world constellation may be insoluble and whose intractability may further mortgage German political life.

The unsettling effect of these developments causes efforts to relax East-West tensions to take on a special significance in Germany. German leaders welcome relief from pressures on them; but they are uneasy lest all other aspects of the German situation become frozen too. They make a distinction between "peripheral" settlements, which they welcome, and "central" agreements, which they oppose unless they bring some visible progress on the German question. This explains the extremely unsettling effect the negotiations on nonproliferation have had on many German political leaders.

IN SHORT, the Federal Republic finds itself in an extremely difficult situation. France threatens to withdraw its troops over the principle of integration; Britain and the United States indicate that they might reduce theirs unless the Federal Republic eases their balance-of-payments problem. The Soviet Union has cast the Federal Republic in the position of the international villain. Even within the Western Alliance a potential "threat" from the Federal Republic is often invoked to justify schemes—from the multilateral force to enhanced integration.

All this threatens to upset the delicate balance of German political life. It exposes the Federal Republic to dangerous pressures and temptations. Germany has emerged as the balance wheel of the Western Alliance. The most exposed western ally, seventeen million of whose

people are Communist hostages, has become the focal point of all disputes. Its internal structure may not be equal to this strain. There are signs already that the conflict may tear apart the governing party, the Christian Democratic Union, which largely forged the pro-western orientation of the Federal Republic. This will liberate tendencies in the other parties that are now restrained by their desire to present themselves as responsible trustees of a well-established consensus. Thus the current situation contains a series of time bombs. Schizophrenia is built into the Federal Republic's political life.

Many of these difficulties are insoluble, at least in the short run. Many are outside American control. But the volatility of the situation does impose on American policy requirements for very great circumspection. The insecurity of the German leaders and their desire to be good allies cause them to go along with American proposals, not necessarily because they want them but because they believe it is expected of them. But this does not mean that the Federal Republic can sustain the consequences of all such actions. A break with France that can be ascribed to American pressure could easily backfire on us. And I am bound to say that American actions in recent years have already placed us in a precarious position in this respect. Overtures toward East Germany, encouraged in the belief that they offer a possibility of reunification, could easily generate a frustrated nationalism if it turns out that they cement the partition of Germany rather than alleviate it. What the Federal Republic needs above all is solid, reliable, steady allies. What it cannot stand is to be the focal point of all pressures. It would be tragic if Germany, whose national disasters in this century were caused in part by the attempt to conduct an isolated policy in the center of the European continent, now came to grief because it tried to be too responsive to allies whose conflicts strain German political life. To be sure, President de Gaulle bears a heavy responsibility for this state of affairs. But if we compound his abruptness with our outrage, history will not excuse the inadequacy of the response by the magnitude of the challenge.

The Nuclear 'Problem'

In recent years, the so-called nuclear "problem" has been at the center of the NATO debate. Until President Johnson called off intense pressures on its behalf—in my view wisely—the multilateral force was pushed as America's principal answer to the Gaullist challenge. The MLF is no longer actively pursued; but the belief that NATO's problems could be eased by a new nuclear force under Alliance ownership and control dies hard. Current schemes —technically called the "hardware solution"—envisage the sale of some existing nuclear forces (especially

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American and British submarines) to NATO with joint NATO control and eventual mixed manning by the participating nations. The so-called "hardware solution" seems to me wrong for the following reasons:

1. The basic problem before the Alliance is political, not military. It derives from the need to adjust European-American and East-West relations to new conditions. Even the nuclear issue is not technical but political; its "solution"—insofar as it has one—depends on the ability of an alliance composed of sovereign states to develop the confidence that will enable it to act in common in the face of a technology of unprecedented destructiveness.

2. It was a mistake to attempt to gear NATO policy to the projection of unstated German wishes. No significant demand for possession of nuclear weapons existed in Germany when the MLF was first proposed. Outside very restricted official circles, no significant backing exists for other "hardware" solutions. Even after three years of discussion and pressure, only a small number of German officials—and no other public figures—are committed to the "hardware solution."

3. The nuclear-control issue is not "solved" by any of the "hardware" solutions now being discussed, nor can it be by any adaptation of them. If any of the common-ownership schemes so far proposed were accepted, the situation would be as follows:

¶ No country presently *unable* to go to nuclear war will be enabled to do so as a result of the "hardware solution"—the existing vetoes would remain.

¶ No country presently *able* to go to nuclear war can be prevented from doing so by participating in a "hardware" solution.

¶ No country presently *unable* to go to nuclear war can force its nuclear ally to go to nuclear war as a result of a "hardware" solution.

All that participation in a commonly owned force buys is the ability to veto the use of the very small percentage of the total nuclear arsenal that it represents (about five per cent) but *not* the remainder. If a "hardware" solution were accepted, this could not remain a permanent state of affairs, especially if heavy financial sacrifices are involved. The probability is, therefore, that a commonly owned force will repeat within its framework all the arguments it was supposed to allay. Pressures for altering the control mechanism are inevitable. A jointly owned force will buy not a solution but a permanent crisis.

4. The nuclear issue diverts attention from the cardinal problem of political co-operation to an inherently divisive issue with respect to which formal pronouncements are likely to be highly misleading. Nuclear war—if it should occur—will come only at the end of a long diplomatic process and will involve the national survival of all participants. It seems contradictory to try to integrate nuclear strategy while leaving the process of diplomacy that precedes it bilateral. If a co-ordinated diplomacy can be achieved, the problem of who presses the button will seem less crucial. If political confidence and co-operation cannot be developed, theoretical voting formulas for entering nuclear war will prove empty. No country will let itself be voted into nuclear war against its better judgment. No one can seriously believe that a United States President would risk hundreds of millions of lives after being outvoted in a committee—after, in short, having decided that nuclear war was not in the American interest. And the same is true of other countries. The primary guarantee for our allies is a harmonization of political objectives so that the conception of vital interests of various allies is virtually indistinguishable. If we and our allies see our vital interests the same way, the nuclear-control issue will be well on its way to a "solution." If we cannot achieve such a consensus, physical possession of a small jointly owned force will be irrelevant. As will be discussed below, the major thrust of American policy should be to strengthen political consultation, and for this the Special Committee (the McNamara Committee) seems at present the best forum available.

Where Do We Go from Here?

The French challenge has raised a whole host of logistic, legal, and technical problems that inevitably absorb much of the immediate attention. I will here try to sketch some of the long-term goals that I believe should guide United States policy. Not all of them are inconsistent with existing U.S. policy; many of them in fact reflect American objectives. I will state my views partly in the form of answers to questions, partly under various policy headings.

What kind of Europe is in our interest? Though I deplore the methods of President de Gaulle, I have always been prepared to grant his historic importance. A greater degree of political and military autonomy for Europe is essential for the cohesion of the West and in our own long-term interest. Though this proposition will be granted in the abstract, there is a tendency to resist independence when it takes the form of challenging our judgments. Nevertheless, it is essential that we adjust the pattern of relationships that grew up after the war. Though historically we are the children of Europe, with respect to the postwar evolution we are somewhat in the position of a father toward a grown-up son. He can always take the attitude that, since their interests are identical, he will continue to control all the resources. He can challenge the son to name circumstances in which their interests might differ. He can tell him that no legitimate request will ever go unheeded. Such an attitude will either drive the son to open rebellion or, if accepted, will break his spirit.

Since the war Europe has been first nurtured and then protected by us. Now we require wisdom and delicacy in handling the transition from tutelage to equality—a process to which no nation has ever adjusted easily. The assertions of European self-will that we find so irritating today can be the growing pains of

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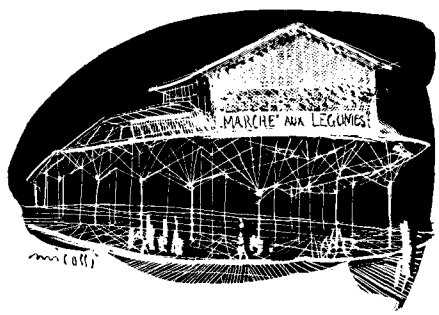
a new and healthier relationship that ultimately is important for us as well.

Some critics of American policy argue that the attempt to play a role simultaneously in every part of the globe is beyond our *physical* resources. It seems to me clearly beyond our *psychological* resources. If we insist on assuming the principal responsibility for every square mile of territory at every moment of time, we will tear ourselves to pieces inwardly. The continent closest to us culturally, with similar political traditions and substantial economic resources, should—for our sake as well as its own—assume a greater responsibility for its policy and defense. It is in neither our interest nor that of Europe that Europe become the Greece to our Rome—a political backwater, interesting culturally but unable to play an active role. This would not be healthy for us because hegemony is demoralizing in the long run.

Painful as it may be to admit, we could benefit from a counterweight to discipline our occasional impetuosity and to supply historical perspective to our penchant for abstract and "final" solutions. The day will come when we will consider a measure of autonomy in Europe a blessing rather than an irritant. In this century no one could have foreseen at the beginning of any decade what the world would look like at its end. Things have not grown less complicated or more predictable. Those centers of initiative which still exist should not be discouraged. It is not always the least responsible allies that wish to reserve some measure of control over their destiny. Some of those most eager to have us assume all responsibility may do so for reasons that are not very comforting in the long run; they may be only too eager to shift all risks and burdens to our shoulders. Little would be gained by replacing a nationalism of insufficient strength by a neutralism masquerading as Atlanticism.

A Third Force?

Many would grant the need for a greater European role in the abstract. However, they tend to argue that this will have to await the unification of Europe on a federal basis. There exists also a certain ambivalence: the desirability of a united Europe is affirmed, but there is also a fear lest it pursue "Third Force" tendencies. The seeming dilemma is often solved by a call for American leadership. Some invoke the "heroic" days of the creation of the



Marshall Plan as a model for current American attitudes.

I believe our present challenge to be more complex and subtle. In the late 1940's, conception, execution, and salesmanship alike depended on American initiatives. Today, the central task is to encourage a European sense of responsibility. To the extent that the United States uses the methods of the 1940's, it encourages two unfortunate tendencies. On the one hand, some Europeans will be only too happy to abdicate "leadership" to us. The question is whether those most ready to shift the burden of difficult choices to our shoulders will prove very steady partners in times of crisis. On the other hand, we will see a mounting tendency to base European policy on anti-Americanism. There will be a growing belief that a European identity can only come about if seized *from* the United States and not with our cooperation.

I am not advocating a reduction of our commitment to the defense of Europe. I am urging a change in the means by which the commitment is carried out. I am not saying that our influence in Europe should disappear. I am urging that the only way we can maintain our influence is by reducing our formal predominance.

As for Third Force tendencies, it is important to distinguish the fact of a Third Force from its objectives. Europe as a Third Force—in the sense of being powerful and active in world affairs—is in our interest even if its internal structure does not follow our preferred prescription. Whether there is a danger that Europe pursue policies detrimental to the United States depends on Europe's ability to perceive its proper interests. The memory of its impotence and of our tutelage contributes to the illusion that we understand Europe's problems better than it does itself. In the long run, this is not a reliable basis for Atlantic policy. If Europe cannot be trusted to perceive the realities of its position, American tutelage can be at best a stopgap remedy. I would even argue that the greatest incentives for irresponsibility exist when we seem anxious to assume all risks while our allies are on the sidelines, free to criticize but unwilling to shoulder burdens.

A LONG-RANGE Atlantic policy will try to base itself on the following facts:

¶ A Europe assuming greater responsibility for its own foreign policy and defense will be bound to recognize that there exists only one potential threat to its security and that in every conceivable case this threat can be met more effectively with United States assistance than without it. It follows that Europe must be at least as interested in an American commitment to its defense as we.

¶ We do not have to "fight" for our position in Europe; there is always likely to be a substantial majority on behalf of a continued major U.S. role—even in France.

¶ There are objective limits to an "anti-American" European policy. It is hard to visualize a "deal" between the Soviet Union and Europe which might jeopardize our interests or security and which would not jeopardize European interests and security first. What is true of Europe as a whole is even more applicable to individual European countries.

¶ An erratic United States policy can perhaps make thoughtful Europeans doubt the integral connection between their future and ours. By itself, French policy cannot.

This suggests a policy of great restraint by the United States. Care should be taken not to resurrect old national rivalries—which de Gaulle

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has already done so much to foster —in the name of Atlanticism. To the extent that Europeans are made to face their problems in a European context, they are more likely to be driven to Atlantic co-operation than the opposite. To the extent that we take the principal role in attempting to shape internal European developments, we may create the impression that there is an inconsistency between Atlantic co-operation and a European evolution.

Should We Isolate de Gaulle?

According to one school of thought, President de Gaulle is the chief obstacle to European unity and Atlantic integration. Its advocates urge "isolating" de Gaulle both within NATO and in Europe. I consider this approach to be mistaken and doomed to failure. In fact, I believe that de Gaulle's policies are sometimes given impetus by our aggrieved, personal reactions to them. Like a judo artist, he uses our moves to gain a leverage that his own strength does not afford. To test allied cohesion by a formal counting of votes is misleading. Within NATO the 14-1 lineup against France may prevail on technical issues; it will not hold together in a prolonged political contest—even over strategic doctrine. Within the Europe of the Six, de Gaulle has never been as alone as some like to believe. And he would have even more support were he to pay lip service to some wider conception of European unity. On the issue of East-West relations, his views without question represent the dominant trend in Europe.

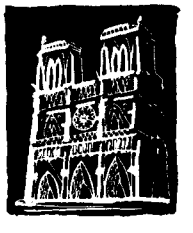
The real victim of a deliberate policy to isolate de Gaulle will, in any event, not be France but the Federal Republic of Germany. France cannot be isolated without the assistance of the Federal Republic. This is why some have urged that NATO essentially rest on a "special" United States-German relationship. Such a course would mortgage the Alliance as well as the Federal Republic.

A confrontation with France—unless provoked unambiguously by France and perhaps even then—must undermine German political life. It will split the CDU. This will in turn radicalize the other parties.

At the same time, the practical consequence of such a policy will be to exalt the relative weight of the Federal Republic both in Europe and in the Alliance. This will not be healthy for the Federal Republic, for European cohesion, or for the Atlantic Alliance. If the Federal Republic becomes the senior European NATO partner, the existing unity in opposition to de Gaulle, already largely superficial, will disintegrate. Most European countries will be extremely uneasy about a structure in which German influence will seem to predominate. This will have profound effects when the issue of renewal of NATO comes up, especially in the Scandinavian countries and Italy.

Finally, such a course has a high probability of alienating us in the end from the Federal Republic. If the cementing of a Franco-German rift should be followed by measures of détente between the United States and the Soviet Union that cause anxiety in the Federal Republic, a serious crisis in U.S.-German relations is likely. In short, I believe that the United States has a positive interest to prevent a Franco-German rupture and to encourage the Federal Republic to retain its ties to France.

The future of the two French divisions in Germany should be considered largely from this aspect. Their removal—unless it results from clearly demonstrable French intransigence—will symbolize a Franco-German rupture. A reappearance of a situation in which Germany once again has only hostile neighbors will lead to serious psychological effects later on. We could easily become the target of these frustrations.



Five policy conclusions follow:

1. If France must be fought, the onus for such a conflict should be clearly on its side. We should lean over backward to avoid it.

2. A contest with France—if absolutely unavoidable—should be over the future and role of Europe and not over technical military issues.

3. The United States has a positive interest in encouraging the closest relationship between London, Paris, and Bonn. No other road to European unity is as promising. A grouping of Britain and the Federal Republic—which many urge—is fragile even if we should join it. There are too many differences in perspective on global problems, East-West relations, and deployment for such a grouping to be anything but a temporary expedient. A Bonn-Paris axis arouses too much hostility in Washington and too much distrust in the rest of Europe. A London-Paris understanding would isolate Germany and might lead to separate German overtures toward the East. A Washington-Bonn grouping is likely to focus all anti-German, anti-American, and anti-nuclear sentiments against the Atlantic Alliance.

4. If Franco-British-German understanding is essential, we must take care not to submerge the long-term in the immediate and to encourage the building of bridges to France instead of the opposite. The United States should do nothing to weaken further the Franco-German rapprochement. If a rift should come, it should be evident beyond doubt that it was not due to American pressures —direct or indirect, official or unofficial. Though many American statements are formally consistent with these maxims, it would be difficult to convince most Europeans that they represent American "action" policy. In this connection I want to express my strong support for the reported decision of President Johnson not to permit a public debate with France.

5. Whatever happens, a serious dialogue at the highest level between France and the United States is essential. I recognize that some may construe such an effort as a reward for bad French behavior. But too much time has already been lost and too much is at stake. In a period of hoped-for détente with the Communist world, it should not be impossible to conduct unconditional conversations with a traditional ally. If the attempt succeeds, most Europeans would be relieved. If it fails, we could face the ensuing contest

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with the knowledge that no effort was spared to prevent a rift that must hurt the West.

How Much Integration?

Many hold the view that Europe's reluctance to play a global role is due to the inadequacy of the resources of national states. They hold that unified Europe would assume greater global responsibilities. One answer to the current crisis, therefore, is to urge more integration and to press for European unity. In the meantime, consultation and formal legal structures should promote allied cohesion.

I think this view is vastly oversimplified. The American national experience would seem to contradict the assumption of an automatic relationship between power and the willingness to play an international role. Until 1941, the United States possessed the resources but not the inclination to assume global responsibilities. Conversely, many European states maintained vast overseas commitments when their resources were much smaller than they are today.

With respect to overseas involvements, the combination of decolonization and two world wars has been traumatic for the Europeans—Great Britain partially excepted. Having been forced to relinquish their overseas possessions, they no longer consider that their security is *directly* affected by what happens in, for example, Southeast Asia. Rather than run the risk of nuclear destruction on behalf of a distant area from which they have been recently ejected, they prefer to shift the risks and the burdens to us. They are reasonably sure that long before upheavals in other continents threaten the safety of Europe, the United States will have entered the fray. In other words, they treat America's extra-European concerns in much the same way that the United States looked at Europe's quarrels until 1941. And they are no more likely to be swayed by exhortations than we would have been in our period of isolation.

Even within Europe, burden-sharing provides an incentive for responsible policy only when two conditions are met: our allies must have the same view of the political environment as we, at least as it affects Europe; and they must believe that unless they play a greater role, the United States will reduce its contribution (not its commitment). Neither condition is met today. Indeed, our overeager, importuning attitude with respect to the second point defeats our objectives with respect to the first.

Thus it seems high time to consider how much integration we really want. The logic of our position will create pressures for ever more integrating of our forces, including our strategic forces. And it will generate increasing demands for European participation in global decisions. This leads to the curious

position where our allies at one and the same time reduce their defense contributions while pressing for increased political influence.

The consequences for over-all policy are highly undesirable. In such a system policy may grow stagnant. The Alliance will be able to agree only on doing nothing. Domestic pressures in most allied countries will mount. Any crisis occurring anywhere will become immediately, automatically, and organically world-wide. It is often said that the First World War was caused by the absence of a functioning system of collective security. This may be true. But the First World War surely illustrates the perils of alliance structures so rigid that any conflict, however trivial, becomes immediately and organically world-wide.

Of course, we should co-operate with Europeans wherever possible. But co-operation cannot be an end in itself. It functions best through balancing incentives for responsible policy. A multiplication of legal devices, unsupported by a real conception of common interest, defeats its own purpose. In the long term, excessive concentration of decision making may deprive our allies of the incentive to act responsibly, and it may open up profound fissures when a conflict of interests becomes apparent—especially in crises outside of Europe.

THE MILITARY ARRANGEMENTS of NATO have had both a symbolic and a substantive aspect. Our European critics are right when they accuse us of dominating NATO planning, but they are wrong when they ascribe it to dark American designs. The role of the Supreme Allied Commander Europe (SACEUR) was deliberately brought about by Europeans afraid of a return to American isolationism and eager to create as many tangible American ties to the Continent as possible. During the period of American nuclear predominance, our allies had an interest to commit us organically—preferably automatically—to their defense.

In the 1950's, a dominant position for the United States seemed to our allies the best guarantee of our commitment to the defense of Europe. But many allies have used this state of affairs as an excuse to avoid difficult domestic choices. They have encouraged us to assume the burden of defense expenditures and the stress of difficult strategic decisions. Their incentive has been to provide forces large enough to induce us to maintain a maximum deployment in Europe but not so large as to create real alternatives to nuclear deterrence. Their interest has been in the symbolic, not the substantive, aspect of NATO.

Such a state of affairs cannot be healthy in the long run. It is unprecedented that the defense of an area so rich and potentially so powerful as Europe should in all essentials be left to a country three thousand miles away. As a result, our allies have either abdicated from the strategic field or adopted a military posture that duplicates the categories in which we are strongest.

The malaise of NATO is, therefore, organic. The present system encourages too many of our allies to shift the costs and the responsibilities of the common defense to us. Exhortation will not alter this. Countries do

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not assume burdens because it is fair, only because it is necessary. Europe will not assume a larger burden for its defense until it also shares a larger responsibility.

This suggests that it would be a great mistake to identify the future of NATO with the indefinite continuation of every detail of the existing structure. Whether a country comes to the assistance of an ally depends less on formal chains of command than on its conception of vital interests. It is primarily a political, not a military, problem.

Three principles should govern our attitudes toward the present military command structure:

¶ Integrated commands are made necessary by modern technology. This realization will govern the decisions of all those who take defense seriously.

¶ As NATO has evolved, the symbolic functions of SACEUR are no longer so crucial as in the 1950's. SACEUR should, therefore, concentrate on the military problem while the political and doctrinal issues should be shifted partly to the Special Committee, partly to the Military Committee. Present policy seems to be moving in this direction.

¶ The relative weight of Europe in the command structure and in the NATO organization should be increased. This is all the more important because in no other area has the dependence of Europe on the United States been so great or so prolonged. In every other field, American policy has deliberately sought to reduce Europe's dependence on the United States; in the military sphere, the thrust of United States policy has been to make our tutelage more bearable.

When the United States gave economic assistance to Europe after the Second World War, it tried to induce its European allies to assume responsibility for developing a joint program and a system for dividing up the total available aid. Though United States representatives played an active and important advisory role, the basic scheme was European. The Atlantic Alliance owes a great deal to the habits of co-operation and mutual respect developed during the Marshall Plan. In the military field, by contrast, the United States never encouraged the emergence of a specifically European point of view. It made no effort to stimulate European institutions comparable to those it fostered in the economic sphere. The Western European Union (WEU), which originally had been expected to play that role, has remained dormant. It would seem wise for the WEU to be given new vitality by charging it with carrying out the European portion of common plans as well as to define common strategic guidelines.

Policy Toward Germany

The necessity of retaining the Federal Republic as a willing member of the Alliance, of keeping Germany organically tied to NATO, of meeting real or assumed German wishes, is being invoked to support almost every policy in almost every country. Apart from the fact that the objective is used to justify widely contradictory policies, the formulation is highly dangerous. It creates the impression that whether the Federal Republic behaves responsibly depends entirely on the self-restraint of its government. It overlooks that integration has corresponded to basic interests of the Federal Republic and did not simply reflect individual preferences. What has kept Germany tied to the West is not a legal obligation but a wise assessment of its long-term interests.

Integration was the route to equality. It was made necessary by the trauma of defeat and the consequent horror of standing alone. It is extremely dangerous to create the impression that we must pay a yearly price to the Federal Republic lest it do something very reckless. If the United States becomes the advocate of unstated German desires and gears its policies to anticipate them, it may create illusions of choice for the Federal Republic. It is essential to take legitimate German concerns seriously. It is dangerous to act with such extraordinary nervousness, for this may encourage tendencies not founded on reality. Similarly, it cannot be good for the cohesion of the Alliance to keep insisting that one of its primary functions is to restrain the potential menace of one of its key members. Fifteen years of responsible policy should have earned the Federal Republic the right to have its positions accepted on their merit.

What is most urgently needed in our German policy is steadiness and reliability. Constant pressures—however valid the requests—must shake German self-assurance. Unending exhortations to accept the latest version of "new" doctrines may strain the fabric of German political life. Frequent changes of policy will use up our credit, whatever the merit of individual measures. Trying to make Germany take the lead in an anti-French crusade will, as already pointed out, mortgage the future. Germany's psychological margin is far narrower than its economic one and in the long run more decisive.

But if the United States requires compassion and respect for the political and moral dilemmas of a divided country, and if it should strain to avoid complicating its choices, this will presuppose sufficient confidence to deal with individual issues rather than their symbols.

Among these, German reunification looms ever larger. I cannot do justice to this complicated problem here. Let me confine myself to a few observations.

¶ An alliance that does not treat this paramount German interest with respect and understanding will soon lose its meaning in German eyes. It is incumbent on Germany's allies to take the concern for unification seriously and to help develop responsible programs.

¶ Any such program must include provisions about Germany's eastern frontiers, its military status, and its renunciation of nuclear weapons. These may not be enough, but without them no serious program is possible.

¶ Whatever the program, unification will result not from one spectacular negotiation but from an extended historical process. Under present world conditions *no* program, however reasonable, can induce the Soviet leaders to sacrifice the East German régime. The collapse of a Communist régime would shake the Soviet hold in Eastern Europe and jeopardize its prospects in the ideological conflict with Communist China.

¶ German unity will become possible only if there is (a) a collapse

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of Soviet power or (b) a change in the ideological climate of the world that might make the East German régime less important for a more national Russia.

¶ A "program" for unification will be revelant primarily in these contingencies. It will be promising to the extent that there exists a European structure in which the significance of national frontiers is sharply reduced.

¶ It is dangerous to encourage the Federal Republic into solitary efforts on the subject of unification —especially toward East Germany. The superiority of West Germany's bargaining position toward East Germany—which is postulated by some—is likely to be an illusion. On the contrary, German political leaders may find themselves facing a growing dilemma. In return for easing the fate of their population, the East Germans can demand concrete political gains. Confronted by popular pressures and moved by humanitarian impulses, no German government will find it easy to be dispassionate in deciding at which point an accumulation of seemingly marginal concessions has produced an irreversible trend. The result is more likely to be the indefinite continuation of two hostile, competing German states than progress toward unification. Such an outcome would build pressures toward a Popular Front into the German scene—a Popular Front of a particularly virulent kind because the partner would be not a party but a sovereign state.

¶ While progress toward German unity presupposes a change in current East-West patterns, this change must be sought in a framework larger than the German national one. This is another reason why a European structure is so important and why the United States must do nothing to undermine the building blocks of European unity, including Franco-German friendship.

The Nuclear Issue

As I have already pointed out, the so-called "hardware solution" does not seem to me fruitful. Since the problem is essentially political, the Special (McNamara) Committee should be given every opportunity to work and should be expanded to include political functions. Its task should be to formulate common strategic doctrine and common disarmament policy. Within its framework the European countries could, if they wished, form a closer association. For example, the Western European Union might well be given responsibility for the European contribution to joint NATO plans. As Europe gains structure, the Special Committee could draw nearer to the "twin pillars" concept. But Atlantic partnership, in this approach, could become operative even if European unity were delayed. Atlantic partnership and increased European cohesion thus could be pursued simultaneously, with no advance commitment to giving priority to either course.

If this solution fails to satisfy our allies in the long run, a European

nuclear force is preferable to the "hardware" solutions now being proposed. Indeed, it is likely that nuclear autonomy is the least divisive form of European unity. In the economic field, competition between Europe and the United States involves, at best, indirect risks. In the political area, the temptations for independent action are great and the penalties small. In military matters—and particularly in the nuclear field—the closest association between Europe and the United States is in the self-interest of both sides. Whatever their formal autonomy, it is highly improbable that our allies would *prefer* to go to war with the relatively small nuclear forces available or in prospect for them and *without* the support of our necessarily preponderant arsenal. Close co-ordination between Europe and the United States in the nuclear field is dictated by self-interest; and Europe has more to gain from it than the United States.

This is not to say that the United States should actively promote a European nuclear force. On the contrary, the United States should show more restraint in seeking to influence internal European arrangements and exert its influence in shaping Atlantic relationships. It does mean, however, that we should not seek to destroy those elements from which a European force could emerge by pressing for alternatives —through the so-called "hardware solution"—that will in time cause much greater difficulties. A European nuclear force presupposes, however, European policy unity.

I HAVE TRIED to present some possible directions, not a detailed policy. Those who have final responsibility are, of course, aware of nuances unavailable to me; all of policy, moreover, depends on assessments that cannot be proved correct when they are made. Needless to say, this applies to my judgments as well.

In these days we are aware of disagreements above all. It is well to remember that the problems in the Alliance are essentially a luxury made possible by an increasing margin of safety; they reflect strength and returned vigor; we can therefore hope that they can serve as the basis of a new relationship.

Some months ago, at a private conference of Europeans and Americans, we were discussing the nuclear question when a Frenchman said something with which I strongly agree. He pointed out that it is futile to have the future of the Alliance turn on plans for such an apocalyptic contingency. The only way the Atlantic nations could come together is to find a way of dreaming together about the kind of world they want to bring about, rather than about the circumstances in which they might wish to blow it up. We live in a world which, because it is revolutionary, constantly confronts us with problems. Yet it is impossible to create another structure, or another form of community, without a clear conception, which we sometimes deny ourselves by our intense preoccupation with daily crises. It is important to remember that there are two kinds of realists: those who adapt to reality and those who seek to shape it. The world we in the West build may depend less on technical discussions than on common dreams.

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Indonesia's Unfinished Revolution

DENIS WARNER

DJAKARTA

"I'M TO BLAME for Mr. Sukarno," Sutan Sjahrir, the greatest of Indonesia's leaders in the struggle for independence and a man of immense warmth and charm, reproached himself. "Hatta and the others didn't want him as President, and I persuaded them against their judgment. I thought he would be the ideal front man, so preoccupied with the show office, so lazy, and so little interested in politics that he would never interfere while we got on with the job." He paused for a moment and then added bitterly, "Look what I've done now."

That was 1959 and the Great Leader of the Revolution was only then embarking on Guided Democracy and the wooing of the Communists. Sukarno subsequently arrested Sjahrir. Years of imprisonment finally broke his health, and last April he died in Zurich, where Sukarno had sent him, still a prisoner, in a futile effort to cure an illness that had been incorrectly diagnosed by prison doctors.

Alive and imprisoned, Sjahrir was powerless to correct his error. In death, he helped to direct hostile public attention to the aging roué who occupies the Presidential Palace. Against the protests of Sukarno, the newly installed triumvirate of General Suharto, the Sultan of Jogjakarta, and the new Foreign Minister, Adam Malik, brought Sjahrir's remains back to Djakarta for a state burial on April 19. Fellow political prisoners reappeared for the day to give funeral orations, and Djakarta came to a halt in silent respect. In honoring Sjahrir it was dishonoring the man whose injustice had, however unintentionally, caused his death, and who, on this and other days of national mourning, stayed conspicuously away, brooding alone in the palace.

It has been a time of death in Indonesia. Perhaps half a million men, women, and children have died since last October, most of them brutally and bloodily. One death led to another. The assassination of the six generals and General Abdul Haris Nasution's aide on the morning of October 1 last year brought the former Defense Minister and General Suharto together in a campaign that began in Djakarta with a single platoon of troops and ended with the liquidation of the PKI, the Indonesian Communist Party.

TO ONE watching developments unfold from outside Indonesia, it sometimes seemed that once Suharto and Nasution had broken the attempted Communist coup last October, arrested the ringleaders, and sent the Communists headlong into bloody rout, the restoration of rational government was inevitable and Sukarno's bid in February to seize full control again was foredoomed. As one quickly discovers here, the contrary has been true; for months Indonesia was on the razor's edge.

In confronting Sukarno, Suharto, Nasution, and Malik had to contend not only with the Communist and crypto-Communist forces that Sukarno had nurtured but also to carry along those who were ambivalently anti-Communist and loyal supporters of the President. No one, for instance, was more vigorously anti-Communist than General Ibrahim Adjie, commander of the Siliwangi Division, whose forces were so vital last October in crushing the coup, but no one was more captive to Sukarno's spell. Moreover, cabinet ministers who had prospered by concurring with Sukarno's economic rubbish were afraid of the consequences of radical change. This was true not merely in the government and the civil service but in the army and the political parties as well. Sukarno was still the source of patronage and to millions the father of the republic. Since those who opposed him feared the consequences of removing him by force, he was also a source of potential power.

To retain Sukarno while destroy-

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ing Sukarnoism is therefore no easy task, especially since the President is determined to preserve both. To this problem is added the important element of Javanese mysticism. The Sumatrans led by Adam Malik might be pragmatists, well aware of the dangers of going too slowly, but even for sophisticated and experienced Javanese, such as General Suharto and the Sultan of Jogjakarta, both the climate of public opinion and the portents, occult and otherwise, have to be right.

Thus, though the physical extermination of the Communist Party proceeded apace, Sukarno continued for months to enjoy a dangerous freedom of maneuver. He was incapable of saving the lives of old Communist cronies, including D. N. Aidit, the party chairman, but the means to organize a political counteroffensive were still his. As early as November 10 he caused the generals to fall back in temporary disarray when he ordered them to cease their activities against the PKI. Five weeks later he reorganized the Crush Malaysia Command and maneuvered the army out of many social, economic, political, and military matters.

Then, on February 21, he reshuffled the cabinet, threw out Defense Minister Nasution, and brought in two new ministers whose appointments were calculated not merely to inflame his troublesome student adversaries but also to crush them. Sumardjo, who had been arrested by the army for a suspected part in the September 30 coup, became Minister for Basic Education. Into the new post of Minister for Special Presidential Security Affairs came Colonel Sjafie, who had been thrown out of the army when he was discovered to be the Al Capone of Djakarta's organized vice and crime. "Our revolution will soon return to its original leftist rails," Sukarno exulted. "The recent moves to turn our revolution to the Right will fail."

The Student Vanguard

As late as March 8, when one of Sjafie's well-organized gangs attacked the American embassy with Molotov cocktails while the police stood by and watched, and two days later when the leaders of the country's eight political parties agreed under presidential pressure to denounce the students' anti-Sukarno activities, it seemed to many observers that the President had won. The American embassy burned its secret papers and the Australians were ready to follow their example. Yet on March 11, Sukarno, in full retreat, handed over power to Suharto.

This new situation was created by a mixture of courage and cowardice in almost equal measure. The courage was mostly that of the students. The cowardice was Sukarno's.

In February, during a demonstration outside the palace, a medical student named Arif Rachman Hakim was shot through the heart by a presidential guard. A hundred thousand students assembled in the

streets for his funeral. That night Sukarno banned KAMI, the university students' action committee. "I was at my fiancée's house when we heard the news on the radio," Abdul Gafur, one of the student leaders, told me. "I was very afraid." To avoid Sjafie's gangs and the arrest they now feared, the student leaders dispersed. But the following morning, when they found their fellow students defiantly converging on the University of Indonesia, they went back to business. A delegation waited on Suharto to let it be known that with or without KAMI the students "would fight to the death."

KAMI, working underground, now became the general staff, and KAPPI, the high-school students' action front that was formed the following day, became the shock troops. Their tactics were to use the only weapons available to them—mass assaults on such primary targets as the Chinese consulate, the Ministry of Basic Education, and the Foreign Office, the seat of power for Dr. Subandrio —"the little Pekingese dog," as the students now called him in their leaflets, wall slogans, and songs.

There were moments of intense danger. At the Foreign Office, for instance, the troops, no doubt shocked by the wreckage of the building they were deployed to protect, were about to open fire when fifteen- and sixteen-year-old high-school girls made their own frontal assault, throwing their arms around the soldiers and embracing them. The moment of tension passed.

On both sides it was obvious that the moment for action had come. Next day Sukarno took the chair at a cabinet meeting and with all of his old passion and fire demanded full loyalty from his ministers. "You must adhere to my leadership and to my teachings," he said. "If any of you cannot follow me, just say so frankly. I will be very glad to receive the notification and to replace you with another man. . . ."

At that moment an aide entered the room and handed Sukarno a note. It reported that soldiers of an unidentified unit had surrounded the palace.

Panic replaced bombast. Telling the rest of the cabinet only that an important development had occurred, Sukarno took Subandrio and Dr. Chaerul Saleh, his Third Deputy Premier and another of the students' targets, and fled by helicopter to his palace at Bogor. That night three generals loyal to Suharto waited on Sukarno. They assured him that in exchange for delegating full authority to Suharto, he would retain his position as head of state. Sukarno acquiesced. The students rode on the tanks as the army paraded through the streets to celebrate the victory, and the population turned out in full force to cheer them on their way.

Sukarno had agreed that the Communist Party should be banned and that control of information should pass into the hands of Suharto. He continued to balk, however, against changes in the cabinet. The army concluded that the situation demanded another show of

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How to Build a Missile Submarine: A report from General Dynamics

REQUIREMENT: "Build a missile base that can be hidden under the ocean; that can keep moving so swiftly, so quietly, that it cannot be found. Although it will never be used unless the United States is first attacked, build it so that it and its crew can be kept so fit, so efficient, that it can respond instantly should the order come."

ANSWER: The SSBN—Submarine Ballistic Nuclear—more commonly known as the Polaris submarine.

The nuclear-powered submarine has revolutionized naval strategy. Freed from dependence upon the atmosphere or refueling, such a ship can remain submerged for months on end. The addition of a ballistic missile that can be fired from beneath the sea creates an invulnerable deterrent against attack.

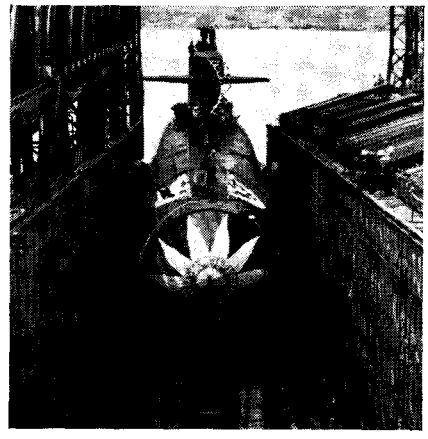
General Dynamics delivered the United States Navy's first submarine, the Holland, in 1900. Since then we've built 250 undersea vessels for the Navy, including the first nuclear-powered submersible, the Nautilus.

But the Navy's Polaris submarine, the most complex ship yet devised, has also created a revolution in shipbuilding. Questions of seaworthiness and habitability that must be factored into any ship are multiplied a thousandfold.

Jigsaw puzzle:

The first essential in building a missile submarine is the integration of literally millions of parts, all of which must be designed to work together as a unity within the 425-foot length of the fish-shaped ship. Here are a few:

A nuclear reactor, turbines, gyroscopes, marine propulsion equipment, sixteen nuclear-tipped Polaris missiles, fire-control and navigation systems, water distillers, air purifying equipment,



A new Polaris submarine being launched by General Dynamics.

computers and defensive weaponry.

Navigation and weapons control alone involve six different sonar systems, fourteen different radio systems, two or three Ship Inertial Navigation Systems, a LORAN (Long Range Aid to Navigation) system, a TRANSIT system (for contact with satellites), star tracking facilities and almost forty computers. All these, scattered throughout the ship, must be tied together into one central control for instant reaction.

The ship must even carry its own spares, more than 30,000 different listings, each representing several sizes.

But creating a complete Polaris submarine system involves far more than a fitting job.

How do you join metals to withstand terrific pressures? How often does a man turn in his sleep? How do you keep a missile platform rock-steady in a rough sea? How do you muffle the noise of moving parts? How do you keep air fresh in a sealed environment?

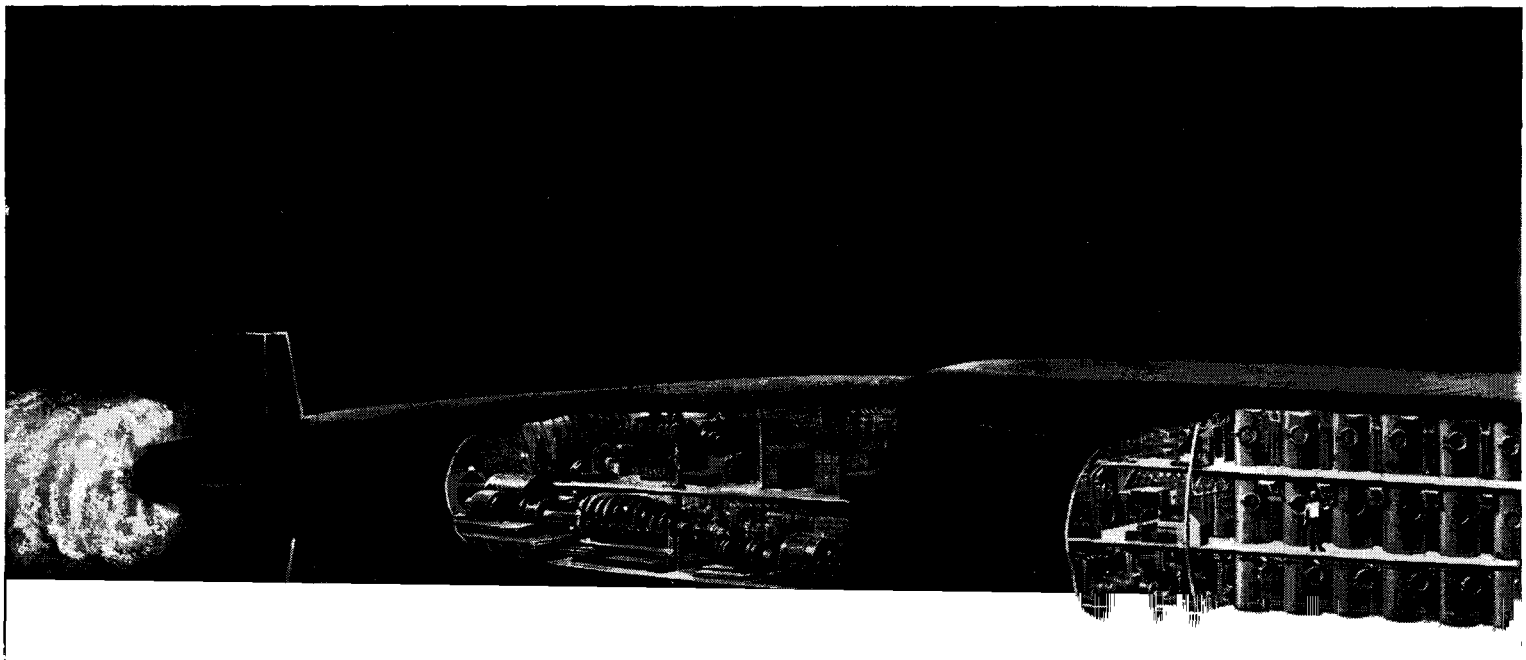
Steady and quiet:

SSBNs are built of HY-80 steel, an alloy that can withstand stresses of up to 80,000 pounds per square inch.

But when the first ship was being built of HY-80, the metal behaved differently on outdoor building ways than it had in prior laboratory tests. The answer turned out to be one of the simpler ones. Indoor metallurgical laboratories had been warm. Outdoors, the weather got cold. Now strip heaters warm steel hull sections to a constant 200 degrees, regardless of weather, throughout the joining process.

To launch a Polaris missile successfully, the ship must be as stable a platform as solid earth, maintaining precise depth no matter how rough the sea. Making this possible was one of the toughest single design problems.

A submarine is controlled through a combination of rudders, planes (somewhat like the wings of an aircraft), and



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ballasting. To rise or descend, the ship must take on or force out ballast, in the form of tons of water. Ballast in various areas of a ship is continually being changed to maintain trim. An elaborate sensing and control system was developed to coordinate all parts of the complex in a perfect and delicate ballet.

In the depths, a nuclear submarine can be located mainly by sound. Anything that moves is soundproofed or cushioned. Shaft vibration of electric motors is reduced to less than ten-millionths of an inch. Hull openings, through which thousands of gallons of water must flow within seconds, are designed to minimize turbulence noise.

The millions of parts are supplied by some 11,000 industrial companies and Government agencies.

To insure total reliability, General Dynamics makes more than 50,000 tests –radiographic, ultrasonic, chemical and hydrostatic—on the ship's systems, not counting those on electronics and weaponry. Even nuts and bolts must be standardized and inspected.

Making it livable:

Extended submerged patrol also created new questions of habitability. More than 75 percent of the total space inside a missile submarine is taken up by equipment or stores. In the remaining area some 140 men must live and work, comfortably and efficiently, for 60 days.

The submarine's galleys, not much bigger than the average suburban kitchen, are organized to store, prepare and serve more than 800 full-course meals or snacks every day. Compact equipment distills 10,000 gallons of potable water daily. Laundries, pianos, ice-cream machines, are adapted to fit the available space.

Even sleep became a design problem. A seven-inch differential in the original space between multi-tiered bunks lets a crewman toss and turn normally to rest tired muscles.

On patrol the undersea sailor is rarely more than 150 feet from an operating nuclear reactor, yet shielding is made so effective that the submariner absorbs less total radiation than he would under normal surface conditions.

Crewmen on a Polaris submarine conduct a missile launch drill.

Breathing easy:

With nuclear propulsion, engines no longer need air, but men do.

The average young adult male breathes in about two pounds of oxygen each day; breathes out about two and one quarter pounds of carbon dioxide. In a sealed atmosphere the air could quickly become poisonous. The first nuclear submarines still surfaced periodically to refresh the air. When sustained submersion became the rule, air regeneration became necessary.

Oxygen is electrolytically processed from water. Banks of scrubbers, precipitators and catalytic burners remove the carbon dioxide and the 300 or so contaminants that can build up within a nuclear submarine.

Enough air conditioning to cool a small town dissipates the heat generated by machinery and human bodies. At the end of a long patrol, the air aboard a missile submarine is far cleaner than that of the average American city.

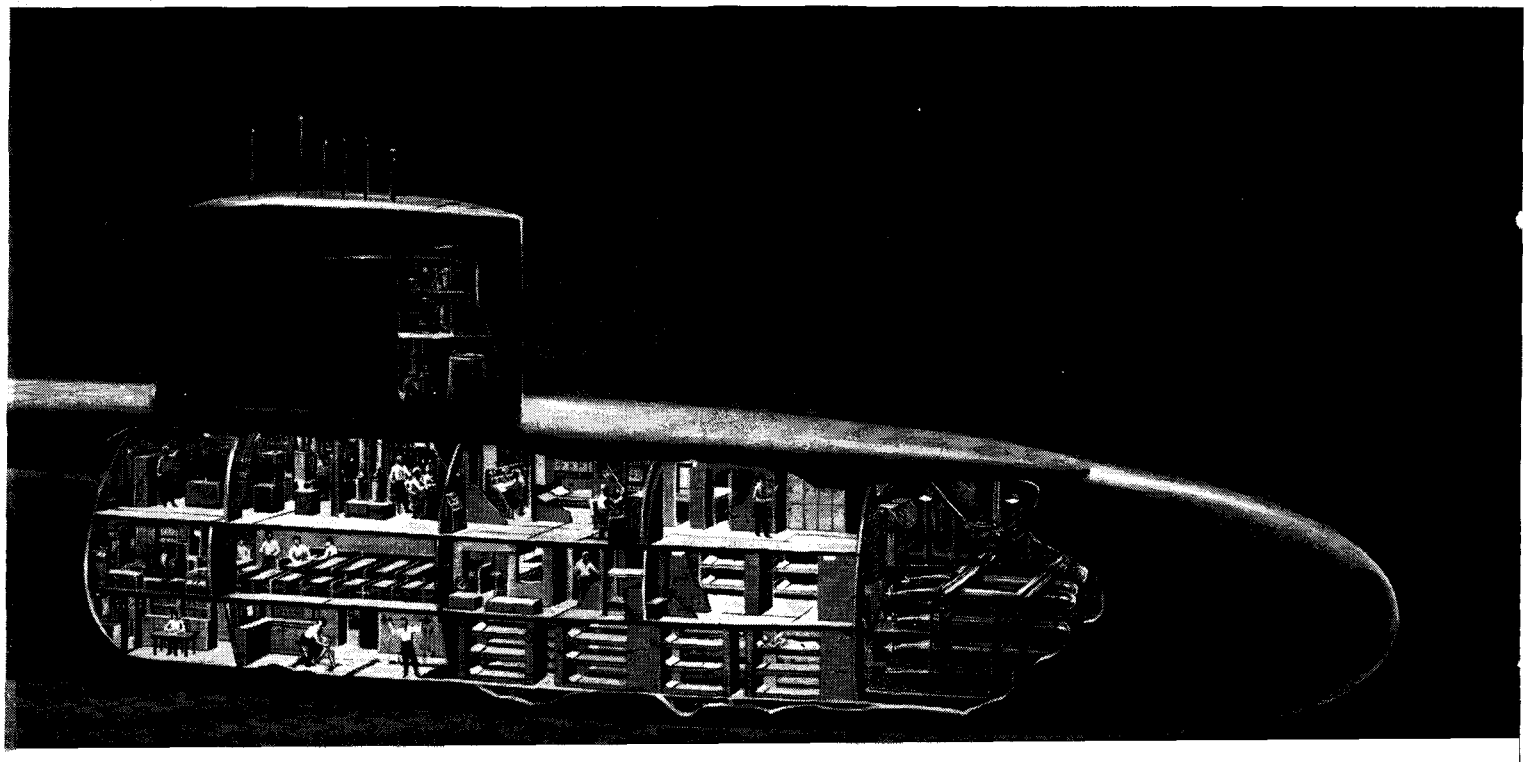
General Dynamics delivered the George Washington, the first Polaris submarine, in 1959. This month we launch the Will Rogers, the forty-first of these extraordinary ships that help the United States Navy guard the peace of the world.

Between the George Washington and the Will Rogers, a number of evolutions have taken place. New generations of submarine ships may be as much an advance over current models as the Polaris submarine is over the old Holland.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020



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force. On March 18 tanks surrounded the palace, their guns pointing toward it. Military commanders sent word into the palace that they had no wish to injure Sukarno; they wanted Foreign Minister Subandrio. Once again the presidential courage failed. Sukarno put his own liberty first and left under

escort for Bogor. When he had gone, the troops moved in and picked up Subandrio and Chaerul Saleh. Eventually, they arrested eighteen of Sukarno's ministers, clearing the way for the new cabinet and a de facto transfer of power into the hands of Suharto, the Sultan of Jogjakharta, and Malik.

The Triumvirate

The three men are of widely differing characters. Suharto is extremely cautious. He is deeply concerned with legitimacy. While no less aware than his colleagues of the continuing handicap of Sukarno's inhibiting and obstructive presence, he is afraid that if he moves too fast the army will be obliged to seize power from the duly constituted government, thereby creating formidable problems for the future. He is well aware of the continuing support for Sukarno in Central and East Java and its potential danger. But he is determined to avoid giving the impression that he wants to usurp power, or even to make excessive use of the power that is demonstrably his.

He has no ambition to succeed Sukarno and has been patiently advancing the claims of the Sultan of Jogjakarta, who is now Deputy Premier for Economy, Finance, and Development. At the same time, he has moved slowly to persuade Mochtar, the leftist governor of Central Java, and Major General Surjosumpeno, the weak but politically sound military commander of the region, to vacate their posts of their own accord.

Although the Sultan led a successful mission to Japan in April, where he received the promise of $30 million in urgently needed credits, and has shown a realistic understanding for the country's economic mess, he has not acted as fast as the students and others hoped he would. The Indonesian people are not starving and the Sultan has chosen to avoid any sort of crash program.

In contrast, Adam Malik, Deputy Premier for Foreign Affairs and Information, has acted throughout with speed and urgency. In a few months he has revealed great strength of character, immense courage, an un-Indonesian capacity for action, and a resolute determination to undo as quickly as possible the damage caused by Subandrio and Sukarno to Indonesia's international position and standing. He has broken the Djakarta-Peking axis, taken the initiative to end the "confrontation" with Malaysia, and is intent on leading Indonesia back into the United Nations in time for the September meeting of the General Assembly.

Sukarno used to conduct his cabinet meetings like an army commander issuing orders to subordinates. Many of the ministers still tend to be overawed by the Bung: not Malik. After listening to Sukarno rant against Britain and Malaysia at a Crush Malaysia Command meeting, Malik answered that he was not concerned with the past but only whether Indonesia had the means to continue. Turning to the Sultan of Jogjakarta, Malik asked, "Can we afford to continue confrontation?" "No," replied the Sultan. When the vote was called, Sukarno voted alone.

Briefing Malik a few days before he was due to leave for the Bangkok meetings with Tun Razak, the Malaysian Defense Minister, Sukarno told him he did not mind how many conferences with the Malaysians he attended as long as they all failed. Malik's response was to arrange with Suharto to send a military delegation to Kuala Lumpur to convince the Malaysians ahead of time that Indonesia genuinely wanted to end confrontation.

Malik finally left for the conference convinced that Sukarno's opposition did not really matter. He was, as he reminded Sukarno, only carrying out cabinet decisions. If Sukarno disapproved he could either persuade the cabinet to change its mind or refer the issues to the Provisional People's Consultative Congress. As the highest constitutional body in the land, it had bestowed such titles as President for Life on Sukarno; now, stripped of its Communists, it was readying itself to destroy Sukarno's executive authority effectively by confirming Suharto's emergency powers until elections can be held, possibly next year.

SUKARNO's retention of the office of Premier, even without all of its functions, provided him with opportunities for mischief. Although he was denied the use of his helicopter lest he try to slip away to Central Java in an attempt to provoke civil war, and was confined generally to his palaces in Djarkarta and Bogor, he was helped in his struggle against those who wanted to get rid of him, or to turn him into a figurehead monarch, by the political uncertainties of the new situation.

Sukarno had banned the Socialists and the Masjumi Party of the moderate Moslems in the early days of Guided Democracy. Now, with Suharto's liquidation of the Indonesian Communist Party, a political vacuum has developed that none of the existing parties seems likely

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or able to fill. The Nahdatul Ulama (Moslem Scholars) has become the biggest of the eight political parties. Its principal support comes from eastern Java, where the Sukarno image is relatively untarnished and where there is also a developing tendency among some of its leaders to resist the processes of eliminating Sukarno and his policies. Next in size and importance is the bitterly divided Nationalist Party, which used to fellow-travel with Sukarno and the Communists. It has thrown out its left-wing leadership but lacks policy or direction. Among the other smaller parties, representing factional or minority groups, there is nothing to take the place of the disbanded Socialist Party and nothing to provide a more moderate home for the millions who were misguided enough to look for shelter under the Communist umbrella.

These circumstances have caused on the one hand a basic argument whether Indonesia needs political parties, and on the other criticisms emanating from the political parties themselves that Suharto, the Sultan of Jogjakarta, and Malik have no political base and should not therefore remain in command of the government. Former Vice-President Mohammed Hatta, who is now openly a candidate for the presidency, favors the creation of a new political party that would in effect revive the Masjumi Party. General Nasution, whose election as chairman of the People's Consultative Congress gives him high status and, pending national elections, the constitutional right to regard himself as Sukarno's heir, disagrees with Sukarno's type of Guided Democracy but seems to accept the idea of a benign dictatorship as good for Indonesia.

LIKE THE PARTIES, the trade unions also give the impression of being rudderless. The Communist trade-union federation, with its three million members, has been disbanded and many of its leaders are dead. But the non-Communist unions, which played a significant behind-the-scenes part in the students' revolt, not only lack a political base but are struggling for survival. People closely in touch with the unions see the possibility of a viable non-Communist trade-union movement developing. But considering the traditional leftist leanings of Indonesian labor, they also fear the consequences if its political and economic aspirations are not met.

It is difficult to convey the full extent of the disaster into which Sukarno's economic policies have led the country. The foreign reserves in April were down to $8 million. National debts due for payment this year, including amortization of capital and servicing charges on foreign credits (mostly from the Soviet bloc), ran to $530 million. The most optimistic estimates of foreign-exchange earnings did not exceed $450 million in exports and oil payments.

The situation has not improved since then. Trade is all but at a standstill. Inflation is soaring. The cost of living trebled in the first quarter of the year and mounted even more rapidly in the second. As a result of years of neglect, roads, vehicles, railroads, and shipping have deteriorated to the point where the internal economy can barely function. The railways, for instance, are able to maintain operations only by cannibalizing equipment and reducing services. When it became necessary to repair the runway on the Djakarta airport, road repair

around Djakarta had to be stopped so that the available asphalt and the few workable machines in the area could be used to do the job.

The Sultan has begun by putting long-overdue economies into effect. Work has stopped on Sukarno's prestige projects, including the elaborate complex of buildings for the Conference of the New Emerging Forces where he had planned to inaugurate his rival United Nations this August. Efforts are also under way to create an international consortium to reschedule the payments of Indonesia's debts and, it is hoped, to arrange for new credits.

One windfall has come from Chaerul Saleh. I was at a dinner party when a senior Indonesian official disclosed that Saleh had gone insane in prison but not before agreeing to return $80 million filched from the state. The situation calls for far more than windfalls, however. Rescue operations designed merely to put Indonesia into a position where it can do business may require the injection of anything up to $400 million. Rehabilitation and stabilization, including the importation of vital spare parts, raw materials for idle factories, capital equipment for mining, and a thousand other necessities could require a similar sum annually for at least another four or five years.

Note of Caution

The consensus here is that the new leadership has anywhere from one to three years to show that it is more capable of grappling with these problems of survival than were Sukarno and his henchmen. There also seems to be general agreement that though the Sultan may eventually succeed in halting the drift, he is unlikely to receive anything like the international assistance he feels he needs, or to achieve the results that the Indonesian people may demand.

Basking in the new climate of friendliness toward the West and impressed by the destruction of the Communists and the bitterness of the feeling toward China, most western diplomats seem confident that, whatever happens economically, the ideological tide will never turn again. But the Indonesians, though rejoicing that the immediate threat of Communist overlordship has been averted, are much more cautious and much less certain.

What is certain, however, is that, except for the continued presence of Sukarno, Indonesia in its seventeen years as a soverign state has never been in better hands. The differences within the triumvirate relate to method and not policy. Suharto's cautious tactics, designed to preserve the integrity and unity of Indonesia, may well prove as sound domestically as Malik's swift diplomatic action has proved on the international scene. It is safe to predict a period, however brief, of better relations with the West than anyone could have dreamed of a year ago. As long as Sukarno remains in his palace, however, Sukarnoism cannot be pronounced dead.

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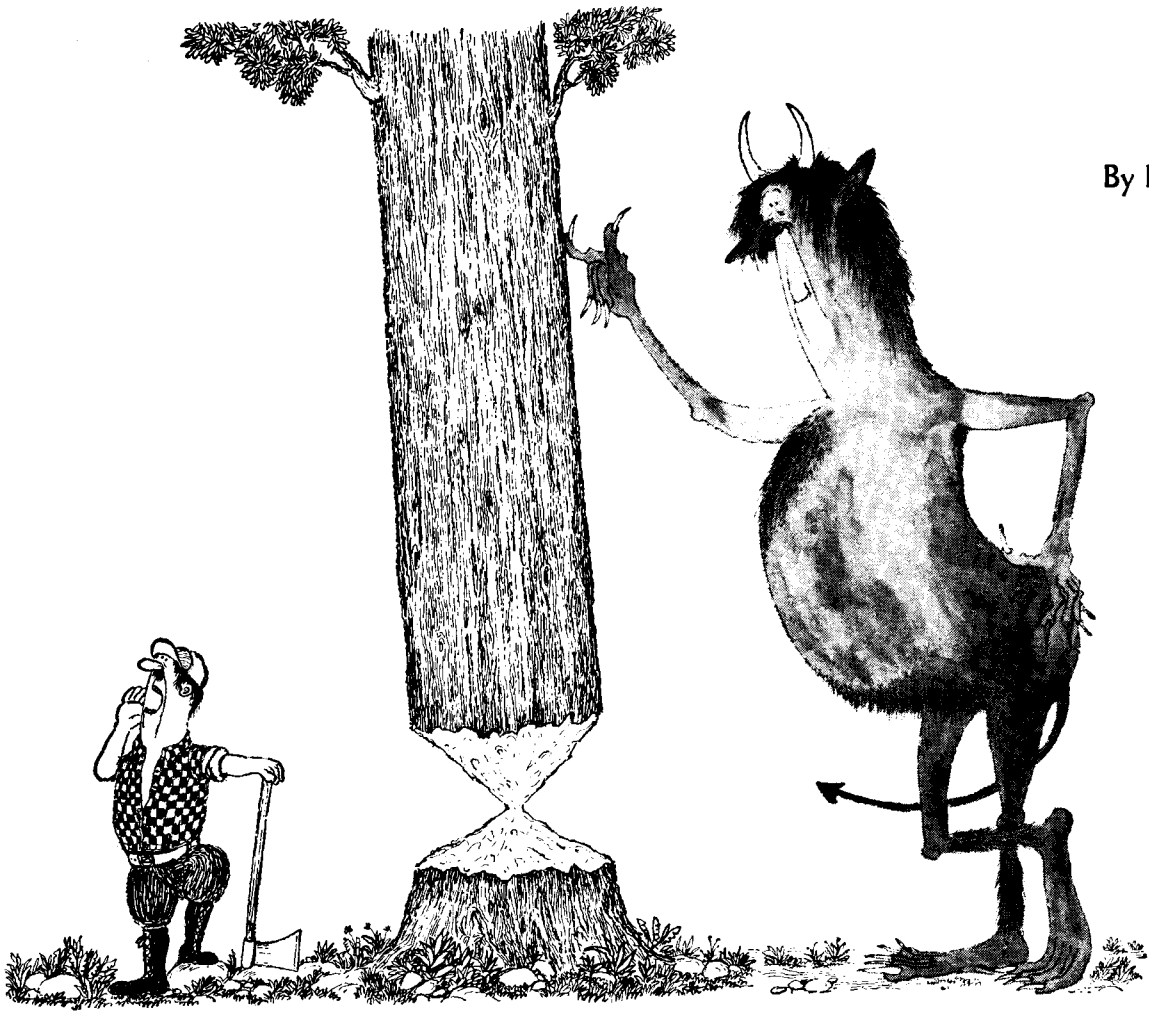
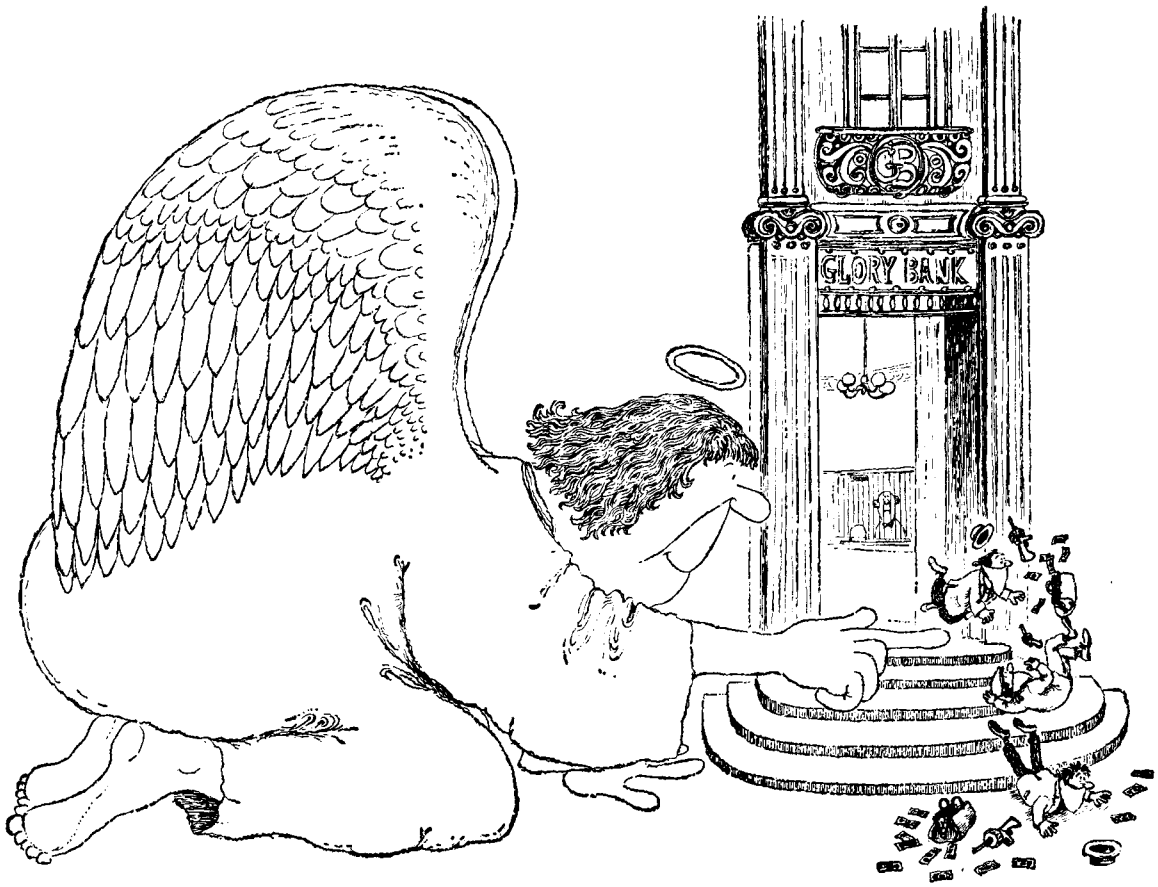
By Fernando Krahn





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Nightfight With the Nicest Guy in Town

MEG GREENFIELD

"'IT'S A DEAL,'" said the headline over the lead story in the *Wall Street Journal* on June 13—"Savvy Buyers Haggle With Shrewd Salesmen in Auto Showrooms." A subhead hinted at even more exotic things to come. "Both Ignore 'Sticker' Price," it declared, "Try To Outbluff Each Other by 'Mooching,' 'Lowballing.'"

It turned out that one of the *Journal's* staff reporters, Ronald G. Shafer, had recently spent two weeks at a Chevrolet agency and was prepared to share his findings with the public. Thus, readers soon discovered that "mooch" was salesmen's parlance for a comparison shopper, while a mooch who turned up five minutes before closing time, with a view to Armageddon then and there, was known to the trade as a "nightfighter." "Lowballing," on the other hand, was one of the salesman's many forms of revenge—a teasingly low price mentioned to engage the customer's interest but only to be honored in the breach.

As one who had recently put in some time on the other side of the car-bargaining table, I was naturally interested in Mr. Shafer's account, which confirmed much of my own experience. Automobile salesmen, he disclosed, promise immediate delivery of goods they do not have, capitalize on the confusion and weariness of their clients, and have developed a certain skill at talking a person out of what he wants and into what the dealership has had trouble getting rid of. ("I don't want to be the one to talk you out of your life's dream," one particularly successful approach is said to have begun.) Then there was the matter of the preliminary "pounce," whereby the salesman found out a number of things he needed to know through what Mr. Shafer described as "seemingly normal conversation." This struck me as the most perceptive observation in the piece, although it may not have been intended that way. At no time did the salesmen's conversation seem normal to me: what it seemed was seemingly normal.

At first, I will admit, I enjoyed the give-and-take. Having been forewarned, I was accompanied by a male friend with a better business head than mine, and I was also equipped with a list of special features to avoid—dual carburetors, for example, designed to help me take the turns at Le Mans; $94 worth of vinyl addenda, if not in fact errata, that go by the name of "interior decor." So protected, I had a rather romantic, Bagdad-on-the-Potomac feeling about our early encounters. However, it passed.

We spent the better part of two steamy afternoons wheeling through the Virginia and Maryland countryside in search of all those "nice guys," "friendly ex-GIs," and similar purveyors of the "best deal in town" whose affectionate messages I had been listening to on the radio. Few of them, of course, *are* in town. They are to be found in an array of shapeless roadside arrangements that do not quite qualify as places, let alone as suburbs or even shopping centers. There, in outdoor heat and glare, business is conducted under yards of pennant-bedecked clothesline. I mention this only because it was my view that the irrationality which eventually overcame me and which my friend diagnosed as a simple case of hysteria could in fact have been due to sunstroke—a definite hazard when buying a car. At its most acute, it took the form of a sudden, overpowering desire for a Fudgsicle that caused me to lose interest entirely in the negotiations at hand, which had just reached their most delicate point.

But that is a little ahead of the story. Mr. Shafer, for all his apparent objectivity, has spoken for the auto salesmen. I believe that there is another side to this thing, and also that there are more of us than there are of them. By "us" I mean unreconstructed mooches.

"HELLO, FOLKS, my name is Jim Davis." That is the way a car salesman approaches a customer, and I am not simply offering a typical fictitious example. It is my distinct recollection that all the dealers we met that day were named Jim Davis, although my friend disagrees, claiming to remember at least three who were named Fred Davis. We do agree, however, that all of them came with certain standard, nonoptional, built-in features. They would extract your first name by way of introduction, get it slightly askew, and then offend you by using it throughout the conversation. To correct them would have been to condone this chumminess, so we could only sit back and let seeming normality take its course.

All of them had also achieved an absolutely frightening smile that they wore perpetually, and they had other disconcerting ways of displaying both their probity and warmth. I, for example, simply do not trust a person who can look me straight in the eye. The people I know adopt that particular attitude only when they are about to tell me a lie or, worse, to reveal that they have uncovered one of mine. Uniformly, the salesmen peered into our eyes.

In fairness I should say that there were certain differences between them and not only where price was concerned. One wore tinted glasses and had only cars with plastic tops; another delivered the hyah-fella vernacular pitch through an all but impenetrable Erich von Stroheim accent; a third, who was extraordinarily rosy in complexion, appeared to have painted himself all over with something.

Each transaction, however, did seem to begin the same way. We would enumerate the exact specifications of the car I wished to buy. Jim would then advert to a strike in Metuchen, New Jersey, that had seriously depleted his stock and slowed his deliveries. He would also take the opportunity to probe for any hostilities toward labor we might share by characterizing whatever was going on in Metuchen as a dispute over "washroom" rights, adding on at least one notable occasion, "Heh, heh, heh, heh—eh, Marge?"

His mirth over, he would tell us that any dealer who said he could

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get what we wanted in less than six or seven weeks would be guilty of a terrible deception. Then he would take us on a tour of the cars he had that weren't so different, as he would put it, from what we had asked for—red instead of blue, manual instead of automatic transmission, eight cylinders instead of six. When we had made plain that none of these would do, he would say that he could probably get what we wanted in three or four days.

It was at this point that we would be ushered into the little glass cubicle where the negotations take place. Cramped, self-conscious, on view, we leaned forward and argued softly with the figure across the tiny table who was leaning forward and arguing softly too. I felt as if I were visiting an uncle in prison.

Unsafe in Any Showroom

Apparently, what ensued is also routine. The salesman, having taken down all our requirements and added up their total cost, would announce a price of, say, three thousand dollars. Then nobody would say anything at all. If the salesman did not interrupt the silence, my companion would do so. "What is the asking price?" he would inquire. Thereupon the salesman would immediately recalculate his figures without protest or apology (the whole process took five minutes from beginning to end) and announce a price that was about three hundred dollars lower. Then, of course, the price would start to go back up.

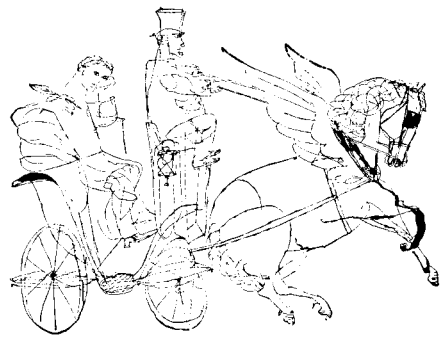
Most of the people with whom I have discussed the last of these phenomena attribute it to the devious addition of "extra" features, but that is only part of what happens. The rest of the process is like photosynthesis in the growth of plants: it cannot be reproduced under laboratory conditions or even accounted for on paper—there is nothing to do but acknowledge it with wonder. The nearest analogy I can think of in human life is the time I had to explain to some clubhouse superiors how it happened that I, an experienced and suspicious poll watcher, had let an entire precinct be stolen from under my nose. Like that time, this was one of those situations that you can recognize for what it is without ever knowing quite where to get hold of it. "Does that price include the District tax?" I asked one salesman, for instance, referring to the two per cent or about $60 that had been included in one of our previous offers.

"Oh, there's nothing to that," he replied. "We can help you take care of that."

"What I meant was . . ."

"Yes, it's very simple. No problem there."

The only factor we were able to isolate as contributing directly to the rise of the price was my inter-



vention in the bargaining. Fairly early in the day we agreed that whenever I made a point, no matter how well taken (I thought), it ended up by costing us another thirty-five to fifty dollars. Accordingly, we decided on the following strategy: I would smile pleasantly when introduced, say nothing whatever after that, and make any comments I felt compelled to during the interval when the salesman left the glass cage—allegedly to see if he could get authorization for such an unprofitable deal. It was during one of these maneuvers that we were "lowballed" for the first time. "I think I can get you what you want for twenty-two ninety," the salesman had said, and then, just as if I had been handling the operation for our side, the price began to go up again. Having obeyed my orders so strictly, I was stunned and hurt when my friend laid the problem at my door.

"He knew you were interested in that deal on the eight-cylinder convertible," he told me. "So he upped the price on what you wanted to keep you interested."

"How could he know? I didn't say a thing."

"It's something you do with your neck."

"My neck?"

"You suddenly sort of lunge forward from the neck."

That was too much. At my insistence we revised our strategy again to permit me to speak on occasion with the sole proviso that I stop to think first, and then we headed for one of the bigger agencies on the Maryland side of the District line. It was there that we encountered the salesman wearing Man Tan. I can still see him bursting forth to greet us at five minutes till closing time. "Hello, folks," he said. "My name is Jim Davis."

Jim had more cars on hand than any of the other dealers we had visited. None of them came close to my specifications, but by then I was determined that the sun wouldn't set before I owned an automobile. Thus, he had an enormous advantage, and he knew what to do with it. I was vaguely aware that my friend was growing ever more apprehensive as I incautiously expressed interest in everything Jim had to say and entered into unauthorized bilateral negotiations with him. Neither man realized—nor did I—that this surge of interest and energy would vanish just as suddenly as it had come, that it was symptomatic not of serious intent to buy but of breaking-point mental anguish, and that I was on the verge of deciding that what I really wanted was not a car at all but some chocolate ice cream.

As this fact became known to me, some look of displeasure and dissatisfaction must have crossed my face. We have since tried to reconstruct the critical moment, but all we are sure of is that Jim astutely perceived that something was troubling me and he thought he knew what it might be. "Marge," he said solemnly, trying in vain to look into my furtive eyes, "you may have been reading something about our brakes."

It was an opportunity not to be missed, but I missed it. Had I been in my right mind, I would have opened up the whole auto-safety issue, pointing out that the likeli-

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hood of my being impaled on one of the extra features he was trying to sell me was worth a reduction of at least $27.50. Instead, I gazed distractedly out the cubicle to where I had caught sight of the edge of something I thought might be a vending machine. Jim dismissed the whole subject as "publicity," and then, in a spectacular gambit, commenced filling out an order form.

I was saved by my friend's mendacity. The car Jim and I had agreed upon by that time was a sort of cross between a convertible and a tank. Only Lance Reventlow could have driven it, and probably even he couldn't have afforded it. "We were offered that same car," I heard my friend saying, "for twenty-two ninety. Can you match that?" It was undoubtedly the worst lie told during that whole lie-filled afternoon, but I was too rattled to realize it.

"That was without disc brakes," I suddenly interjected, going back to some remote and totally unrelated offer earlier in the day. For Jim, who had clearly been outraged that we had so blatantly exceeded the limits of the bargaining game, this remark introduced an unexpected and unwanted note of credibility. A lesser man would have done just what he did: he wavered. He bent back over his calculations, fiddled with them a little, shook his head, and begged our leave to disappear for a moment.

When he came back he was accompanied by no less a personage than the agency's co-owner and general manager of sales, Bruce. It was immediately apparent why Bruce had got to the top. In about one minute's time he had looked over the papers, assessed the possibility of doing useful business with us, and made it clear he wished we would go home. "Folks," Bruce said, "it's seven o'clock, and we close up at six. Now, I would like to sell you a car—after all, that's what I'm in business for. But you say you were offered this car for twenty-two ninety. . . ."

"Without disc brakes," I insisted piously, noting for the first time that this remark caused a look of excruciation to pass Jim's face.

"Now, I'm not accusing you of anything," Bruce continued, without a trace of heh-heh-heh in his manner, "but if you can come back to me with that offer *in writing*, then I guarantee you we can do business." Chairs scraped back, hands were shaken, and wholly unfriendly smiles were exchanged. As we were pulling out of the gravel driveway, Jim suddenly came trotting after us, making plain that he had little pride and even less ability to discern a prospective client from a victim he had helped to do in. "Marge," he was hailooing at the shell of what I used to be, "I almost forgot to give you my card."

I ORDERED a car the following week. When my equilibrium was restored, we went over the various bids, decided roughly what the car was going to cost, and paid a call on one of the unfriendliest guys in town—a relatively orthodox dealer who didn't smile very much and whose first name was, of all things, George. There was even more to commend him. He warned us that there would be a considerable wait for what I wanted. He also came down immediately to our privately agreed-upon price and refused to budge from it, staring at us dourly as we went through a few of our newly learned tricks. I was beside myself with relief.

The last time I felt so much confidence in a salesman of automobiles, it has since occurred to me, was in Europe many years ago. The repository of my trust was a retired British colonel who ran a continental agency and whose brisk manner and walrus mustache led me to give him a good check for a bad receipt and a car that never came. But that—I am doing my best to believe at the moment—is another story.

Peruvian Politics Stalls Belaúnde's Reforms

SELDEN RODMAN

FERNANDO BELAUNDE TERRY, perhaps the most progressive President Peru has ever had, is in trouble. The three parts of his idealistic yet practical program are stalled. Cooperación Popular, a self-help project designed to rouse the isolated and impoverished mountain Indians from their apathy, recently lost its appropriation. The Agrarian Reform Law has satisfied few of the aspirations of the landless in the highlands while leaving the estates of the biggest landowners in the coastal valleys intact. The plan to colonize the eastern watershed of the Andes—the richest and emptiest part of Peru—and thus relieve pressure on the expanding city slums is years away from even a beginning. And Belaúnde's dream of a north-south highway to link these settlements remains a dream.

Instead of moving ahead boldly on these three fronts, the government is losing the initiative to a coalition of its right-wing foes who control the Congress and is in danger of losing its own left-wing support in a divisive debate on whether to expropriate the efficient but politically vulnerable American-owned International Petroleum Company. This issue in turn threatens—or is believed to threaten—United States aid, on which Belaúnde heavily depends for his road-building and housing projects.

The result, at least temporarily, is stalemate with curious alliances. Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, perennial exile and aspirant to the presidency as leader of the leftist APRA party, has returned to the country to form an incongruous opposition with General Manuel Odría, the rightist ex-dictator who once denied him the fruits of victory at the polls and forced him to hole up for five years in the Colombian em-

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bassy. Haya is rallying APRA and the labor movement which it controls to oppose "creeping Communism" in the President's own party. Odría not only represents the apprehensive rich but, oddly enough, is spokesman for a considerable number of the millions of slum dwellers in the *barriadas* that ring the principal coastal cities. It was Odría who confirmed the squatters' rights of these migrants from the highlands during his 1948-1956 rule. And, to round out the paradoxical picture and explain the bitterness of both parties, it was Haya's *indigenismo* and Odría's pioneering development projects that provided the intellectual and practical groundwork for Belaúnde's program.

Héctor Cornejo Chávez, chief of the small leftist Christian Democratic Party that is allied with the President's party in Congress, backs the vociferous press campaign to nationalize oil—a campaign that has forced Belaúnde to postpone the settlement of this issue that seemed to be in sight a year ago, thus furnishing ammunition to the Communists. The latter lost their bid to disrupt Peru by guerrilla action last year, but they still control the faculties and student bodies in the state universities.

Belaunde's Choices

Two alternatives are open to Belaúnde if he is to save his program. The left flank of his party, Acción Popular, would like to see the President dissolve Congress and call for new elections. Belaúnde's popularity remains great; and it is believed that the army, though traditionally an arm of the oligarchs, has become sufficiently convinced of the prudence of social reform to go along with such a move. The other alternative is for Belaúnde to take his blocked program to the people, as he did so effectively during his unprecedented, wide-ranging election campaigns, and force the opposition to back down. A closer look at the three parts of the faltering Belaúnde program may be helpful in putting these options into perspective.

Cooperación Popular cuts deeper than the other two parts of the program because it aims to make Peruvians think and act for themselves. But it has been an easy target for the opposition from its inception. Most of Peru's liberals, lacking Belaúnde's activist spirit and his romantic sympathy for the Indians and their hard way of life, stayed behind in Lima. The opportunity for Communists to infiltrate their cadres and ultimately take over was ready-made. Moreover, prior to the guerrilla campaigns of the last two years the President seemed quite unaware of the danger of having his party captured by its left wing. One early director of Cooperación Popular turned out

to be a Communist and is presently in jail. Another, a young protégé of Belaúnde when the latter was dean of the Architectural School, was accused by the opposition of using the agency to recruit members for the President's Acción Popular party. When the directorate of Cooperación Popular was purged and a strictly administrative type, Luis Vier, was put in charge, it made little difference politically. The suspicion had been implanted, the same charges continued, and the label stuck. "Under its first director," Haya de la Torre told me, "Cooperación Popular was the only agency in the world receiving United States aid to disseminate Chinese and Cuban propaganda. Vier is not a Communist but the Communists still use Cooperación Popular."

IN REMOTE Cajamarca, I had already seen schools built by the volunteers that lacked roofs because Haya's party had sent orders to the local municipal officials to withdraw building permits. In the jungle outpost of Pucalpa a boatman who was an Odriísta claimed that the whole program in that area was a boondoggle, but when I asked Shipibo Indians who had built the new school and the access road leading to their settlement they answered: "We did—with help from Cooperación Popular." Around the town of Urubamba the agency, with about $6,000 in Peruvian soles earmarked to construct eighty classrooms, had built a hundred, and when the four university students from Trujillo who had served as volunteers left, the Indians wept. "White men and intellectuals," one of their leaders told me, "gave us nothing but contempt and exploitation in the old days; before Belaúnde they would never have soiled their boots with our mud." In contrast, near Cuzco I saw needed sanitation programs liberally supplied with U.S. construction funds on which suspicious Indians were refusing to donate volunteer labor.

Vier recognizes the problem. "With a program like ours," he told me, "everything depends on dedicated personnel. We happen to have very good people in the Huancayo and Puno areas, so it goes well there." The need, he added, was for a budget of a billion soles ($37 million). "With one tenth of that amount we have eight hundred projects now operating, and for every sol the government contributes for materials and engineering, the peasants contribute three to seven in labor."

But that was in January. At the beginning of April, Cooperación Popular's budget for construction and road building was eliminated by the Aprista-Odriísta coalition. The Indians' growing hope that the government in Lima might be on their side for the first time in four hundred years was shaken.

Reform Deformed

Agrarian reform, the second part of Belaúnde's tripartite program, has fallen prey to the same sniping from Right and Left. It is generally agreed that some redistribution of big landed properties, especially their unused parts, is necessary to satisfy the desperate land hunger of the dispossessed highlanders. It is also generally conceded that where big haciendas have been bought out and distributed—mainly in the Huancayo area just south of Lima, where the guerrilla bands were most active last year—agricultural production has fallen off badly.

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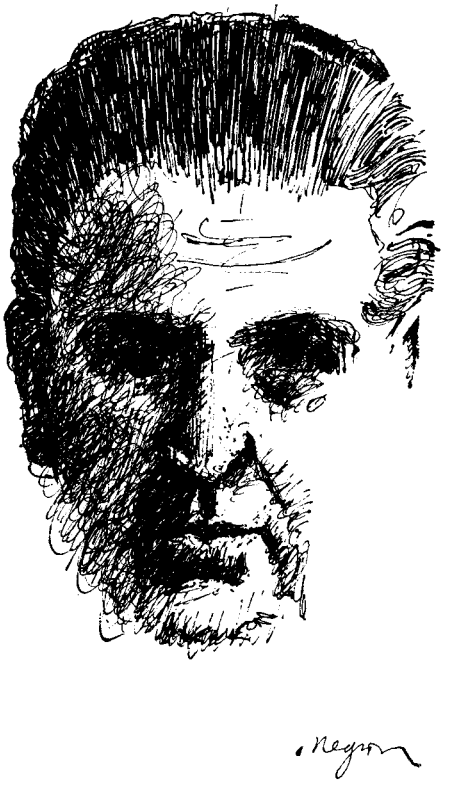
The dilemma has been that all the government's funds have gone into paying a "fair price" for the land; little or nothing remained for education in proprietorship, fertilizers, credit to buy tools, or the organization of marketing co-operatives. As a result the Right has been able to charge, with some plausibility, that the new Indian proprietor is worse off than when he was a sharecropper —though of course the Right has not voted funds to make the transfer workable.

The Left's accusation, still more vocal, is that the few big hacendados actually affected by the law have received more than they should for the least desirable parts of their estates. They claim that under Belaúnde the rich have gotten richer, and that the millionaires are not among the fewer than fifty thousand Peruvians who pay income taxes. Belaúnde's warmest admirers concede that the promised tax reforms have not been forthcoming. APRA, with its membership concentrated in the north, and especially among the organized and well-paid workers on the sugar plantations there, demands that the "efficient" plantations be left in private hands; yet Haya flays Belaúnde for interpreting the law ("*our* law," he calls it) in such a way as to exempt the big landholders of the south who are alleged to be financial angels of Acción Popular.

THIS IMBROGLIO has become hopelessly tangled with another expropriation demand, quite irrelevant but politically expedient: that the gringo International Petroleum Company (IPC) be seized and run by the state. The demand is irrelevant not only because IPC serves Peru efficiently but because two years ago the company offered to give up its subsoil rights and phase out operations over a twenty-five-year period under a contract giving sixty-eight per cent to the government. Belaúnde was prepared to accept, but when his party and its Christian Democratic ally clamored for immediate expropriation and operation, he hesitated. IPC's old enemies the Miró Quesada family, who own the pro-Belaúnde newspaper *El Comercio,* then waged such a violent press campaign that both APRA, which had been indifferent, and Odría, who had flatly opposed expropriation, joined the chorus. Belaúnde is letting the situation drift because to accept IPC's terms would now be political suicide, and to take over the company and assume the burden of paying, with interest, for Peru's only $200-million business would stall the whole economic development of the country. Yet while the question remains unsettled, foreigners hesitate to invest big money in Peru, and the loans on which many of Belaúnde's



programs depend are at the mercy of a potentially hostile United States Congress.

The President inadvertently revealed the extent to which agrarian reform has become linked in his mind with this presumption of unfriendliness. I had once asked him whether he was dissatisfied with the $30 million a year that AID and other U.S. agencies are putting into his development projects. He replied by citing a press report that quoted President Johnson as saying that AID funds would be suspended for nations that failed to deal reasonably with U.S. business. "Surely oil is part of a sovereign nation's land," Belaúnde said, "and the Alliance for Progress is supposed to favor land reform, isn't it? Others accuse us of moving too slowly. But 5,800 properties of fifteen hectares each have been distributed so far, and 32,000 plots of five hectares provisionally. We can only move ahead with the funds we have. Under the law, all lands must be paid for and the down payments are considerable.

"Even loans for roads present problems," he went on. "It was easier for my great-grandfather when he was President to build railways, because in those days American investors here were pioneers, doers, builders. They thought nothing of scaling our highest mountains on foot. Now you send out teams to make situation reports—on feasibility, and all that—and the end result is that the reports are printed, bound, and buried in some Washington office as big as the Pentagon."

The Marginal Highway

The third, and in Belaúnde's view the most vital, part of his program is the so-called Marginal Highway. The theory is that a road along the eastern slope of the Andes from the Ecuadorean frontier to Bolivia will serve to dramatize Peru's vast agricultural potential in the Amazon basin and ultimately help to link the Andean republics in a common economic market. This project is eloquently expounded in Belaúnde's book *Peru's Own Conquest,* a glowing prose poem to the remarkable welfare socialism of the Incas and the pioneer spirit of the conquistadores. The union of these two opposed strains—*mestisaje,* Belaúnde calls it—will lead to "a conquest of Peru by the Peruvians. . . . The age of parasitic land misers is closing. . . . Ours shall be an epic of life and glory."

It is a vision to which everyone in Peru gives lip service, but which no group interest really supports. The highland Indians have feared the lowland jungle since pre-Inca times; their migration is all in the opposite direction, toward the coastal valleys. Few believe that the millions of *barriada* dwellers can be induced to become trans-Andean colonists. They fled the mountains to escape subsistence farming. They have a pioneer spirit of a sort, but it expresses itself in wanting to

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secure clear title to their shacks, buying TV sets and selling standing room to neighbors, moving up the social ladder into the middle class.

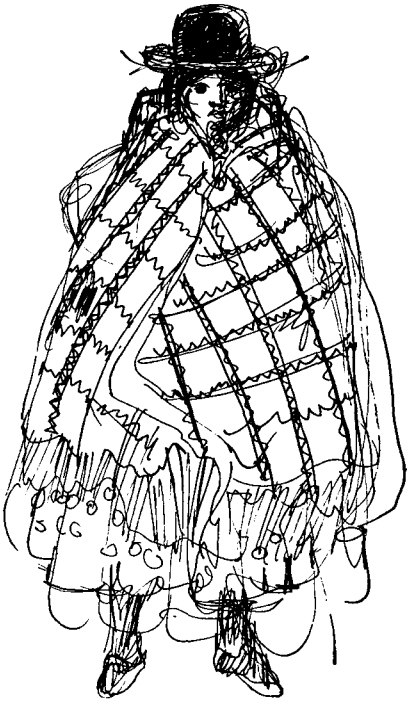
The business community gives Belaúnde's "Marginal" little support because it believes that Peru's future lies in industrialization; more to its liking is a proposal to increase productivity in the coastal river valleys by diverting the Amazon tributaries westward through tunnels into irrigation and hydroelectric works. Haya, though favoring a vehicular tunnel to bring his northern desert constituents in contact with the rich jungle slopes east of Lambayeque, ridicules the Marginal Highway. "Everyone knows," he said to me, "that it makes no sense to transport Ecuador's bananas to Bolivia's banana plantations—everyone except Belaúnde."

The American embassy is more polite about it, but United States loans and engineering teams are helping Belaúnde push roads across the mountains with the unexpressed hope that they will be used some day to bring back food for the industrialized coastal valleys. The few experimental colonies that have been "planted" are not prospering. (I saw one orange grove east of Huaráz that had been abandoned because the road to it was too primitive to assure delivery of fresh fruit.) Most of the "Marginal" is still on the drawing boards.

An Excess of Moderation

The two alternatives mentioned earlier that will have to be invoked if Belaúnde's program is to be saved hinge upon the President's complex personality. His foes on the Left as well as on the Right call him a demagogue. They point to the discrepancies between what he says or writes and what has actually been done. They believe that his popularity throughout Peru involves a deliberate deception. They neglect to consider the possibility that the program is in advance of the people for whom it is intended, that its failures stem in large part from the lack of an honest, dedicated civil service, and that its very moderation may be out of key with the Latin temperament. The Right fears that Belaúnde will dissolve Congress and rule by decree with army backing. Impatient leftists within his own party despair that he has *not* done so, or that by the time he makes such a move it will be too late.

Those who know the President well, however, discount the possibility of extralegal action. For behind the idealist and the patriot, Belaúnde is surely the most committed democrat who has held the office. His dedication to democracy was nurtured in exile, cultivated abroad, tempered in prison and on the hustings. Belaúnde loves people, enjoys spectator sports, chews coca with the Indians, rides and walks through Lima's streets without a



guard. He insists, and probably will continue to insist, on governing by the letter of the constitution even if it means the defeat of his program. "The rule of the caudillo," he told me once, "has been Peru's recurring tragedy. How we conduct ourselves in office is at least as important as what we accomplish."

The second alternative seems almost as unlikely as the first. Not that Belaúnde is incapable of taking his program to the people and getting a mandate, but he shows no sign of doing so. What has happened, people are asking, to the Belaúnde who stumped Peru tirelessly during the election campaigns of 1962 and 1963? A new reticence began to manifest itself shortly after Belaúnde took office. When a supporter presented him with a shovel symbolizing his construction program, the public was moved and a hundred thousand shovels were brought to the palace. It was suggested that the donors parade with them in token of their readiness to pitch in. Instead of encouraging this spontaneous response to his program, Belaúnde warned the nation in a broadcast speech against going too fast, expecting too much, and becoming bemused by mere ideas. When the Congress crippled Cooperación Popular in April, Belaúnde was silent. "Doesn't he care?" I heard people asking in astonishment.

Who Listens?

What it comes down to is the failure of communication in Peru today. This manifests itself as much in the countryman's suspicion of the city, and the city dweller's total indifference to the countryside, as it does in the President's distrust of an aroused public—or his readiness to let the political hullabaloo over oil take precedence over the less vocal public concern for land reform and resettlement, school building, and cheap housing. In this matter Haya de la Torre seemed to have his ear closer to the ground than Belaúnde. "Nationalizing oil," the old revolutionist told me, "is not a popular idea in Peru. It's a Communist issue. After all, gas is cheaper here than anywhere else in the world, and that makes the Communists mad. The real issue is to get the peasants and workers producing for their own benefit and Peru's rather than for export."

But deeper than the failure in communication is the failure of education. On the lower levels Peru's schools are turning out not pragmatists and pioneers but followers of other people's ideas; the teaching is by rote. On the higher levels (with the exception of the private, parochial, and technical schools) Communist-oriented faculties are turning out Communist-oriented graduates. If Belaúnde and his program go down to defeat, the President is not likely to be succeeded by the aging Haya but by anti-U.S. elements in his own party, in the Christian Democratic Party, or in APRA itself.

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Men of the Iron Mountain

MARTIN MAYER

THE STORY of the Nimba iron mines of Liberia, the largest new private investment on the African continent, goes back more than two centuries and north about four thousand miles. The mines belong to an organization called LAMCO, the initials standing for Liberian American Minerals Company; but between the "A" and the "M" there is an invisible "S" that stands for "Swedish." The basic investment and most of the management and technical staff of LAMCO are drawn from the Grängesberg Company of Sweden, and Grängesberg grew grand on the iron deposits of Kiruna, 125 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

Iron, appropriately, is a great magnet: men will be drawn wherever it is found. Kiruna and Yekepa, the assemblage of huts nearest the iron mountain of Nimba, are alike in their unsuitability for habitation by that portion of the species which has adapted to modern European society, and also in their combination of the most extreme remoteness and wretched climate with many of the amenities that produce reasonable comfort. There is nothing of much interest to a tourist in either place, but for reasons that are pretty obscure even to me I have spent a few days in both—in Kiruna in 1954, at Nimba a few months ago.

Waiting to Go South

Kiruna in 1954 may have been the most prosperous working-class town anywhere outside the United States. Wage rates ran fifty per cent and more above those for skilled labor in southern Sweden. The Grängesberg Company, which owned the mine in partnership with the Swedish government, had provided not only modern apartment buildings with gaily painted terraces but also decent little stucco homes on separate plots of land; miners were encouraged to buy their houses for something less than the true cost of construction through an almost painless check-off from wages. Among the other perquisites were an allowance of about $150 to pay the family's fare south during vacation and what may well be the only outdoor swimming pool north of the Arctic Circle. (Swedes will swim in weather that makes an Englishman light the grate.)

Sweden has been an ironmaking center since before the Christian Era, and the deposits in Kiirunavaara, as the Lapps called their iron mountain, have been known at least since the early eighteenth century. But until the invention of the Thomas converter in 1878, Lapland iron (like the iron of Lorraine) was virtually useless because its high phosphorus content made the end product brittle. Once the converter rendered high-phosphorus iron as good as any other, a railroad was pushed through to Lapland by British capital. Intensive mining, however, did not begin there until 1903, and Kiruna is entirely the product of this century.

So is the rest of northern Sweden, and the evidences throughout of Swedish social intelligence were most impressive. In a town like Lyksele, until a few decades ago no more than a clearing in the grim swamp forest, the culture of metropolitan Stockholm, complete to garden apartments, sugared spinach, and concert hall, had been expensively and successfully transplanted. But in Kiruna the terrain and the climate had defeated planning. For all the organizing and building that had gone into it, Kiruna was unkempt, a now muddy, now dusty hillside frontier town. A few scruffy trees rose from the brown or, briefly, sickly green tundra; there were no gardens or lawns except those tended by the company or the municipality itself. In 1954 there was still quasi prohibition in Sweden, and one did not see drunks on the streets of other Swedish towns, but here the bars were filled with young men drinking themselves insensible with the sodden and lonely determination of the northerner.

It is possible to like this country. Up in the hills on the railway line that takes the ore to ice-free Narvik there is a pleasant red-brick hotel with birch furniture and roaring fires that caters to spring and fall skiers. Dag Hammarskjöld, a director of Grängesberg, used to like to wander the bare hills near Kiruna in summer, avoiding the occasional Lapps in his quest for solitude. But for most people the dark, cold, wet winters are not redeemed by the brown, mosquito-infested summers. (Lapps are nomads because the reindeer, their source of food, clothing, and shelter, can't stand mosquitoes.)

Nobody pretended that Kiruna was a happy town. The director of social services spoke about the drinking, juvenile delinquency, the total absence of civic spirit. "The problem is," he said finally, "that nobody thinks of Kiruna as home. People who have been here thirty years will tell you that as soon as they have some money put away they're going back to Malmö or Linköping. Why, there are people who were *born* here who will say they're just filling in the time until they go south."

'A World of Iron Ore'

And some of them have indeed gone south. Late last year, I played golf (a game as strange to Swedes as it is to Africans) on a course hacked out of the rain forest below Nimba, and my partner was a man who had been born in Kiruna. He was in Africa because he liked working for Grängesberg; and Grängesberg itself, somewhat involuntarily, has gone south.

It is typical of Swedish mixed enterprise that every ten years the government had the right to buy out Grängesberg's half of the Lapland mines, and in 1955 the Riksdag voted to exercise the option. It is also typical of Sweden that the arrangement gave Grängesberg the right to insist that the government pay in cash. In 1957, therefore, when the transfer of title occurred, the Swedish government paid over $195 million to the company.

Meanwhile, in the early 1950's a group of Americans and Canadians, whose connections were good enough to make up for their lack of funds and mining experience, had formed a partnership with the Liberian government to exploit the mineral resources of up to five hundred square

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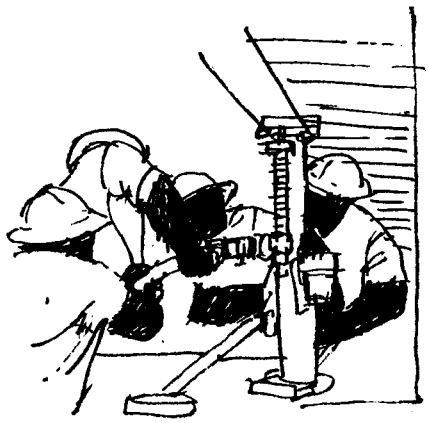
miles of Liberian land—any five hundred square miles. They raised some $8,000 in England and sent geologists poking about Mount Putu in southeastern Liberia, where a Point Four team had previously spotted iron ore. Their money ran out about the time Grängesberg learned that the Riksdag was going to buy out Kiruna, and the Swedes, limiting their liabilities and negotiating from strength, took over the syndicate.

After drilling under the supervision of Ph.D.s from the University of Stockholm, toward the end of 1955 Grängesberg found that the iron at Putu was a thin layer, not worth mining. "The Swedish syndicate was now faced with a difficult decision," Erland Waldenström, Grängesberg's president, later told a meeting of the Swedish Ironmasters' Association. "Should it throw its hand in? There was already a group of competent people and a good deal of equipment in Liberia, and valuable experience of the local conditions had been gained. . . . We decided to have another try."

On the basis of a strong hunch and some old reports, a survey team hacked their way through the bush to the Nimba hills in the remotest part of Liberia, which is saying a good deal. They arrived at the top on December 23, 1955, and on Christmas Eve they radioed out a report of "a world of iron ore."

Grängesberg's published material speaks of known reserves of two hundred million tons of hematite of at least sixty-five per cent iron content (iron is worth extracting in proportions of twenty-five per cent). Waldenström says he believes the hills will yield substantially more than two hundred million tons of rich ore, "plus another big layer of forty per cent—at least two thousand million tons." LAMCO is now removing the best stuff and shipping it out at a rate of twenty-seven thousand tons a day.

THE BEST WAY to reach Nimba from Monrovia is by a two-engine Piper which flies just under the clouds (very bumpily during the six months of the rainy season). For the first hundred miles or so the country is low and fairly flat—green bush sparsely dotted with packed beige earth and the random straw roofs of African villages; then round hills announce the approach of mountains. These run handsomely up to eight thousand feet on the Guinea side of the border. On the Liberian side, the mountains, green to their crest, shade off to a ridge about four thousand feet high. As the plane cuts through a gap in the first hills and banks toward the airport, you can see just below the top



of the ridge, in what was a saddle before one of the humps was shipped as ore, the gigantic Krupp crusher.

The mine itself is a miracle of organization, making no concession to the fact that in Africa men with shovels come cheap. The ridge is being cut away in shelves, each about forty-two feet high. An electric rotary drill punches holes in the shelf, and a light charge of an easily handled explosive loosens the ore. Electric and diesel "steam shovels" chew into the rubble at a rate of six cubic yards a bite and drop the ore into huge thirty-two-ton Westinghouse dump trucks with gleaming stainless-steel floors. The trucks drive to the crusher, their time of arrival controlled at a bridge by means of a traffic light operated from a central control room which observes their approach on television. The stuff comes out of different parts of the mountain in various forms ranging from blue stone to red dirt, so deliveries have to be timed if uniform cargoes of ore are to be shipped.

At the crusher, a gamma-ray scanner measures the contents of the bins and controls traffic lights that tell the driver when to dump. Covered belt conveyors carry the ore two miles, over a drop of 1,770 feet, to storage bins in the valley; the belts are braked by wheels connected to electric generators that supply much of the power for the operation. There are six storage bins, each with a capacity of two thousand tons. Five times a day, a sixty-car freight train pulls in beneath the bins, and the ore is automatically loaded in ten gulps, each gulp noisily filling six cars with almost exactly ninety tons of ore in fifteen seconds elapsed time. The railroad line, carrying more tonnage than any other in Africa, runs 170 miles almost dead straight to the town of Buchanan, which LAMCO has made into a port capable of handling sixty-thousand-ton freighters by the direct-action expedient of sinking four million tons of stone in the Atlantic to act as a breakwater.

No Flirting Room

No human community can be totally planned, but Grängesberg has done its best here. The population already runs over ten thousand. Most of the African workers are still housed in wooden buildings near the airfield, but the permanent community is growing rapidly in the valley just below the mine. Stratification is by job—hourly employees (all African) live in one set of areas, salaried employees (or "staff," now about 650—of whom 350 are Swedish and 150 African) in another set. Within the staff category, housing is assigned by rank, so that all division heads live atop a rise in Area F, known as Snobby Hill. There is a story no one will confirm that Grängesberg wanted to mix the staff housing but that the Liberian government objected: with Liberians on all staff levels, housing by hierarchy at least gives a guarantee against segregation by race.

There are no garden apartments in Nimba. The individual houses were designed in Sweden quite specifically for African use. The walls are a precast white concrete block. In the lower-middle-class areas, small windows are set high under the overhanging roofs; direct sun never enters. On Snobby Hill, the concrete panels alternate attractively with floor-to-ceiling louvered windows, each householder deciding for himself on the proportion and place-

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ment of wood and glass louvers. Everything is modular, with a ten-foot square as the basic unit; all houses are about twenty feet wide, with a length varying by the salary of the occupant. Nobody is expected (or permitted) to buy these houses: they are supplied free of charge by the company.

The usual amenities have been constructed—movie theatre with associated club rooms, library, bank, nine-hole golf course (a hook on any of the first four sends the ball across the border into Guinea), tennis courts (the coach of the Swedish Davis Cup team came down for two weeks to instruct local players), a fifty-by-twenty-meter swimming pool, and a row of buildings for private stores, including a two-module shop for the Arab trader who dominates the retail business here as everywhere in Liberia.

Near this "community center" is a commissary serving a magnificent smorgasbord (LAMCO imports ninety thousand pounds of meat a month to feed the Nimba staff); on Snobby Hill is a true officers' club, complete with bar and Japanese lanterns on a terrace from which can be seen the moving lights on the mine as the second shift labors until ten at night. Staff children attend an international school, where for six grades the language is English though most students and most teachers are Swedish; each child receives six hours a week of teaching in his own language (including Spanish, Italian, and German). All roads are paved, and most Europeans own cars—a Volkswagen for lesser ranks, a Volvo for management—purchased at wholesale prices through the company.

As always in such cantonments, the problem for Europeans is what to do with the wives, underemployed because houseboys at $10 a week clean up and do the laundry. There is no place to show off one's clothes or to shop or even to flirt. There isn't even any television. Wife-swapping, the libido's answer to the absolute lack of privacy in such places, does *not* square with Swedish morality, which relates sexual freedom before marriage to fidelity once the trap is sprung. Athletics, arts-and-crafts clubs, card clubs, and such help a little, but not much; the activities most likely to absorb the ladies' interests are purely social, like an elaborate masquerade ball at the officers' club that took place one Saturday night when I was there and drew about two hundred people, including a dozen Liberians.

"But really," said a Swedish engineer, "it's not so different from Kiruna. Both are company towns, both are *very* isolated. People who have nothing to think about except themselves get very gloomy here, just as they do in Kiruna. There are floodlit ski runs in Kiruna like the floodlit tennis courts here. But you don't have the long nights—people work better in the long nights."

An Unco-operative Culture

More interesting is what a place like Nimba may mean to the Africans. One habit of mind sees it automatically as Swedish imperialism (backed by a notorious American company, Bethlehem Steel, which put up a quarter of the money). In Africa itself, it is not easy to be patient with this attitude. By the end of this year, LAMCO will have put $300 million into Liberia. The "infrastructure"—the port, railroad, housing, sanitary facilities, hospitals, schools—cost the company close to $100 million, more than half a year's gross national product in Liberia. Both the railroad and the port can be immensely valuable for the development of Liberia's deserted

bush. And the government's share of LAMCO's profits will add at least ten per cent to the tax revenues of the Tubman family fief.

But it's not just a question of statistics. To say that the West African tribesman is only a generation from the Stone Age does not, somehow, convey the reality. One must wander the place a little to begin to understand the extent or the significance of the tribal African's radical incompetence in dealing with the societal or physical artifacts of the twentieth century. (Let me concede that the Stone Age may have been morally better, or, as Levi-Straus argues, humanly more satisfying than our own, but it happens to be gone, at least for the time being.) All the European airlines are now running more and more flights to Africa, not to show good will but to transport the increasing number of skilled and even semi-skilled European workers needed to industrialize Africa. Old hands in Nigeria and Ghana say that for all the decolonialization there are more white men in West Africa today than ever before.

The Africans will learn to cope, of course. Even businessmen who are losing money admit that the African skilled worker, when he can be found, is every bit as good as the European; and Africans are hard workers, though their waste of energy is appalling. Nimba can show tribal Liberians whose self-taught command of Swedish exceeds their bosses' grasp of English. But the culture does not co-operate, and its resistance is heightened by the nonsense of "negritude" promulgated by French-educated African politicians to becloud the gap between them and their constituents. (A Nigerian cabinet minister once mocked this line by asking if a tiger talked about his tigritude.) And efforts to create that range of skills that are the foundation of a complex society are discouraged by the wretched notion, the worst heritage of colonialism, that the man who calls the turn is the one who shuffles the papers behind a government desk.

Highly mechanized and isolated operations like LAMCO bring a larger world to the African bush. They are pretty hard on everybody, but so is almost everything else about Africa. For the majority of LAMCO's laborers (who simply show up and apply for jobs; no recruiting has been necessary), the machinery, the organization, the ferocious concentration on scheduling are all incomprehensible and rather frightening. Their fear comes out in a superstition about a "small man" on the mountain who pulls people into its depth and devours them. Europeans, though not much liking the ritual murder cults that survive in the

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surrounding bush, play along with this one for its utility: "If a boy is giving you trouble," says a shop foreman, "just say you'll tell the small man."

The workers don't like the concrete houses, distrust the electricity, and adjust only with great difficulty to running water and toilets. In their huts in the bush they burned a mixture of twigs and manure to make a smoke that renders the straw roofs waterproof; the same smoke has quite an effect in a painted living room. Their domestic arrangements are as messy as those of the pioneers who littered the American prairie: living on an underoccupied continent creates habits that take a long time to erase, as Mrs. Lyndon Johnson is now discovering. Moreover, the LAMCO houses are much too small for African families. "In the bush," said one of the managers, "the African builds a hut for himself, and then four separate smaller huts for his four wives and fourteen children. Here they all crowd into two rooms."

A few workers cherish the school, and show up with huge broods of extended family, seeking entrance. More commonly, boys are taken out of school at the age of ten or so and sent off to a residential "bush school," apparently an introduction to magic, that effectively destroys any literacy previously acquired. Fewer than two hundred of LAMCO's 2,900 largely illiterate African employees take advantage of the free night schools, and, despite the immediate reward, there was no great competition for the seventy-five places in the vocational and technical school that was the Swedish government's gift to Liberia when the mine opened.

IN FEBRUARY, 1965, the African workers at Yekepa went on strike, seizing the two-story Administration Building, the shops, the sawmill, the warehouse, the commissaries. The houseboys and waiters left their jobs. "They came down the road waving cutlasses and clubs," the principal of the international school told me, "but nobody was harmed; they just wanted to close the school." At the end of the two days that the African mob controlled Yekepa, everyone went peacefully back to work when the government sent up the tough cookies who had been Liberia's contribution to the United Nations' peacekeeping force in the Congo. Hoping to learn what their grievances were, LAMCO helped the Africans set up a trade union (the days of Cecil Rhodes are *really* gone). Now there are orderly channels through which the men can demand, say, a fish shop like those at the Firestone plantations.

On wages of $10 to $12 a week plus housing, the African at Nimba has barely moved into a cash economy. What the women plant and gather in the bush is crucial to the household. LAMCO feels that the wages are low and would particularly like to increase the differentials between unskilled and skilled workers. (LAMCO's total bill for wages is something less than $2 million in an operation with about $40 million in gross sales.) On the company's planning charts, wages for skilled Africans go to $125 a week for a few jobs, but to date the Liberian government has not allowed the scale to rise much over $50, except for office workers. "We are guests in this country," says LAMCO's American general manager, Richard Lowe, who was sent to Stockholm originally (from India) to make the Nimba "feasibility study" for Grängesberg. With fifty per cent of the gross profits going directly to the government, the Liberian authorities have no reason to want wage rates at Nimba to go so high that they would strip skilled workers from the rest of the country. What the Liberians do want, insistently, is a larger share of staff jobs for themselves; every year they get a little more than Grängesberg really feels it safe to give.

For the Europeans, the money is much better (mechanics start at $550 a month plus housing), but the experience is much less valuable. Most European workers in West Africa, not just at Nimba, seem to find the job hot, lonely, uncomfortable, and seriously impeded by the incapacity of the local people with whom they work. Nothing is more disturbing in Africa than to be told by the solid European Socialist worker that now he understands about the American South. ("You know about all this; you have it on your doorstep.") The attitude is most upsetting to the diplomats and businessmen, the university professors and foundation men, who spend their time with the educated group in the cities. "With what we've built," Lowe said uncomfortably, "a lot of our people forget that this isn't their country." Sometimes it is an easy thing to forget.

IN A SENSE, I suppose, all such places are the same, and can be taken as a microcosm of almost any macrocosm you like. In a relatively prosperous market economy with reasonable mobility, the people who profit from the enterprise are forced to feel a first obligation to the comfort and felicity of their producers. In an impoverished community, a totalitarian society, or an economic system that has eliminated unemployment through the centralized direction of labor, producers can simply be plunked down, by accident or design, wherever they are needed. Both procedures are operative at a Yekepa, or maybe even at a Kiruna. But the question of why any of us are where we are, or doing what we are doing, is a lot more complicated than any of the various societal mythologies like to admit.

The Swedes are civilized about these matters, probably more civilized than anybody else. And, though Swedish doctors will not allow Europeans to remain in Liberia more than two years without a substantial break (the company will pay round-trip transportation home for a three-month vacation in the middle of a three-year contract, for the whole family), climate is apparently not a major problem. Yekepa is two thousand feet up, which makes it about ten degrees less devastating than Monrovia, and the miners themselves are working at four thousand feet. "Sometimes," one of them said wistfully, "up there, it's like a nice summer's day in Sweden."

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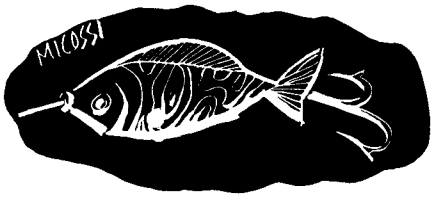

Dreamers

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

"How does a livelihood start? With a family, a wife and children. Why doesn't a bachelor earn enough? He doesn't have a family. Even if he works, he scarcely earns enough to support himself. Rich men have wives and children. Without a wife, a man is half a person. I don't know how many times I've wanted to go into business, but when I get up and look around the house, it's as if my hands were paralyzed. . . ."

Reb Ezekiel, a short, stocky man with a partly gray beard, was speaking. Behind gold-rimmed glasses, his eyes were soft and moist. He wore a gaberdine with tails, a silk hat, and polished boots.

It wasn't that Reb Ezekiel was a bachelor. He was married for the third time, but she was a bad wife, and such a wife is like having none at all.

"It's like this," he said. "When I come home from evening prayers and want to sit down with a book, she wants to go to bed. I can't go to sleep at nine; I toss and turn all night. At four in the morning she's up to tend her fish, with a lot of noise, waking me when she lights the gas. While she and her daughter fumble with the tanks where the fish are, she curses continually. Then they go off without even leaving me a warm drink. At night they're frozen and grouchy and go right to bed. Is this a home? What am I there for except to make a benediction over the wine on the Sabbath? She'd like me to care for the fish too. No! This is no home!"

"Well, why not divorce her?" people would say.

"She doesn't want a divorce. Besides, how would I support myself? I'd have to be able to earn a living."

"Then what can be done?"

"Now you know why I'm so miserable."

He used to visit our house, drink tea, and have a bit of food. He taught me to play chess, and liked to invent things. His pockets were filled with strings, springs, little discs, spindles, wire fragments, and other items used for his inventions. Having studied books on the subject, he already knew how to make ink and salves. Everything fascinated him—why summer was hot and winter cold, why ice formed from water and later dissolved, why the ancient Egyptians were conversant with a magic unknown to moderns, and what countries lay beyond America, China, and the Mountains of Darkness. How could such a man, who was always looking into books, fool around with fish? How could he be expected to stand in Yanash's bazaar among the boors and simpletons, selling carp or pike to housewives?

If he had a household to call his own, it might have been different.

Others in similar situations visited us also, with their real or fancied tragedies. One who came often was Mattes, whom I remembered from Leoncin. The son-in-law of Hirshl the Dairyman, he used to visit the court of the Radzymin Rabbi. Short and thick-set, with large hands and feet and an amiable naïve face, he, like my father, had devoted his life to being a good Jew. He was always talking about rabbis and saints; it took him three hours to say the morning prayer. He had no time to work. His father-in-law, Hirshl, had tried vainly to make a merchant of him. After the morning prayer, Mattes would eat a piece of bread with onion and sit down to study. There was so much to study that he could not understand how anyone could devote himself to anything else. So many prayers, Hasidic books, so many degrees of piety to be reached. . . . And one had to be constantly on guard against all the devils and goblins that tried to drag one down. How was it possible to take the time to work in a store or care for cattle or worry about the dairy and such matters?

Hirshl wanted his daughter to divorce Mattes, but Leah, who had a couple of children, wouldn't hear of it. She had remained in Leoncin with her father, while Mattes wandered about Warsaw.

Suddenly he announced that he had become a Uman Hasid. For years he had searched for a true saint, and now he had found Uman Hasidism, and Reb Nachman was the greatest Rabbi of all. No Hasidic book, he said, could match Rabbi Nachman's collected wisdom, his tales and prayers, so full of the mysteries of the cabala. Mattes threw himself entirely into Uman Hasidism. Coming to see us, without any introduction he would begin to dance, snapping his fingers and quoting his saint: "There is no gloom! Until the coming of the Messiah, my flame will smolder. . . ."

All Mattes longed for was to go to Uman in the Ukraine and spend his time studying in the house of worship that stood over the Rabbi's grave. As a *Kohen* (of priestly descent), Mattes was not permitted to enter a cemetery, but the graves of saints, he knew, did not defile. Nevertheless, Mattes needed train fare. He also wanted to take Leah and the children, but his father-in-law would not permit it. What would they live on, out there in Russia—Mattes' dance steps on the Rabbi's grave?

Both Ezekiel and Mattes were

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dreamers, but they didn't understand each other. Mattes, looking heavenwards, would dance, clapping his hands and crying that the world was full of joy, while Ezekiel, scratching his beard, would ask, "Where does the hail come from? And if it's warm in summer, how does the rain freeze?"

"It's cold up there," Mother said.

"If it's so cold, why doesn't it snow? And what's wrong with hail in winter? There must be some answer to this!"

"Everything comes from above!" Mattes said bluntly. "For everything there is a guardian angel. Each blade of grass is told when to grow."

"Yes. But there must be a law governing all this."

Mattes managed to get the train fare and went to Uman—not to stay, merely to look it over. Many months later he came back, with his clothes in tatters, his cheeks sunken, and his boots cracked. But his eyes were radiant and he came dancing into our house. When Father asked how things went in Uman, Mattes talked and sang and rejoiced. "It's paradise!" he said, growing more excited as he spoke. The Rabbi's house of worship overlooked his grave, Mattes said; his spirit hovered everywhere, blazing from every candle. The days, weeks, and months went by as one studied from the Rabbi's books, sang and rejoiced. Stepping into the house of worship, one was immediately overcome with feeling of love for every man and child. When there was food, one ate; when there was nothing, one fasted, and one slept in the house of worship, above the Rabbi's grave.

"Aren't people afraid?"

"Afraid of the Rabbi? Ridiculous! Only villains remain dead; a saint really comes to life when he dies. The Rabbi walks through the house of worship, speaks to us, recites the Torah. All the pleasures in the world are nothing compared to one day in Uman. Even if they offered me Rothschild's millions I wouldn't stay away from the Rabbi!"

Mattes had come for his family, but Hirshl consulted Father about a divorce. Leah accompanied him, crying, and bringing along with her the smell of the village and dairy. "Why can't we live like other people?" she asked, weeping copiously.

I don't recall exactly, but I think that Mattes, although he finally divorced Leah, remained in Poland. He returned to Uman only after the Bolshevik Revolution, smuggling himself across borders, past armies, hostile bands, and pogroms. I do not know what happened to him there. He may have ended up in a slave camp or Bolshevik prison. The Bolsheviks, who had not molested the house of worship at first, eventually destroyed it.

EZEKIEL and Mattes weren't the only dreamers to visit us. Father seemed to attract these men as a candle does moths.

A short, stout young man with a blond beard came to see us from some Polish village, after deserting his wife and perhaps even child. He carried a prayer shawl and phylacteries, and in his prayer-shawl sack there was a book called *The Sayings of the Holy Jew*. He had come to Warsaw to study the cabala, he said, having been forbidden to do so in his home town. After asking everywhere in Warsaw about a Rabbi who could help him, he was directed to my father. The young man would not listen to my father's pleas that he abandon his plan, saying that he himself knew nothing of the cabala. The young man thought Father was merely being modest. Father gave him several books—*The Pillar of Service, The Treasure of Dew, The Gates of Light*—and the young man settled down in our house to study. Sleeping in Father's study, he ate breakfast and supper with us. To Mother's complaints that she didn't have enough for her own children, Father replied, "I won't turn away a fellow Jew."

To earn his keep, the young man was asked to teach me the Torah. He locked himself in the bedroom with me, and we studied. In the midst of studying, he said, "What's to become of us?"

"What do you mean?"

"How long do you think we'll sit here like this?"

"What else should we do?"

"Go away."

"Where?"

"Wherever our legs take us."

"How will we live?"

"He who gives life will sustain us."

He longed for the days when a young man could settle in a Rabbi's house and immerse himself in Judaism, renouncing the world. He suggested that we both become saints; there must still be saintly Jews in the world, if not in Poland then at least in the Holy Land. In Jerusalem or Sefad there had to be Jews studying the cabala. "Somewhere, in a cave, we'll settle down and live an eternal Day of Atonement, fasting by day and eating at night. No one needs money there; when you're hungry you eat the St.-John's-bread that grows everywhere. There are yeshivas where one can devote oneself to study."

I asked how we would travel, and he said, "On foot."

"To Palestine?"

"Why not?"

"Do you know the way?"

"Yes. One goes to Istanbul."

Even though I knew I wouldn't leave my home to hike to Istanbul with this fellow, I was enchanted with the idea. I would become a second Rabbi Isaac Luria or Haim Vittal. At night, the Prophet Elijah and I would study the Torah together. My soul would ascend to heaven every night. I would visit all the mansions, the Bird's Nest, the Mansion of the Messiah, would speak to angels, and learn how to perform miracles. Like King Solomon, I would understand the speech of devils, woodcocks, and elephants. Maybe I myself might even become the Messiah! At the gates of Rome, binding my wounds, I would hear a voice call out, "Isaac, you are the Messiah!"

Then, mounting an ass, I would ride to Jerusalem.

ONE DAY a telegram came for the young man. It said, "Come at once. Your wife is dead."

Wringing her hands, Mother said, "He's to blame for her death. People like him are murderers."

When the young man learned the news he asked, "When do I tear a rent in my clothes?"

Father gave him train fare, and he went away, saying he would return. But he never did, and I was left with a longing for distant places, mysterious saints, and caves where cabalists in white silk gaberdines ponder the secrets of the Torah.

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THE REPORTER/660 MADISON AVENUE/NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

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Sahara Song: The Last Legions, the First Art

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

EL AAIUN, SPANISH SAHARA

Applicants for the job require no references or letters of recommendation. They ask you your name, but nobody checks whether the name you give is your own: one of the advertised enticements for recruiting is that any able-bodied man from anywhere can enlist in the Spanish Foreign Legion "without furnishing proof of his identity." This convenient feature is a holdover from the old days, when the European legions in North Africa, both French and Spanish, represented a port of last resort for a lot of missing men. In *Beau Geste* days the legion offered a man hard work, low pay, and the implied promise of a Sahara sunstroke in exchange for no questions asked and no extradition.

But here, too, the times are changing. The French have passed from the scene and today's Spanish legionnaire is apt to be a farm boy from Seville or a store clerk from Bilbao who has volunteered for three years of adventure in the Sahara rather than serve eighteen months as a draftee in some more prosaic unit of the Spanish Army. The pay is better, for one thing, and the idea of Africa cuts a wider swath with the girls back home. "We don't get as many toughs as we used to," a veteran legion officer told me, rather regretfully. "They don't bother to come to the desert. They stay home and make trouble on street corners."

What will it do to the Foreign Legion image when they start using the swimming pool which is just being completed near the El Aaiún parade ground? (There isn't another one east of here till you reach Khartoum.) And already there are four air-conditioned movie houses in this whitewashed garrison town. A lot of people go to the movies every night of the week because there is hardly anything else for them to do. I went to see *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* with the dialogue dubbed in Spanish but the songs left in English, and then walked back to my room through the icy Sahara night, which has more stars to the square inch than any other.

Despite the air conditioning, I gather that the legion still attracts hard cases from all over. There are enough old-style desperadoes, at any rate among the foreign enlistments, to uphold the best traditions of a service that prides itself on its toughness and teaches its soldiers to be *novios de la muerte*—"bridegrooms of death."

Most of the strong-arm types who come to the legion for sanctuary are not talking about the reason why. But at one isolated outpost in the middle of the desert I met an amiable, soft-spoken Frenchman who freely admitted that he was a retired terrorist. He had spent four years in the French Army, then four more years as an OAS commando, participating, he said, in an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate de Gaulle. "I can never go back to France," he said wistfully. "All the borders are closed to me." At the end of his three years in the legion he will qualify for Spanish citizenship, and then he wants to settle in the nearby Canary Islands, where he expects to marry a local girl he met while on leave.

For this particular ex-gunman, the legion is a sort of halfway house on the road back to respectability. For some of his comrades it represents a step up on the economic ladder: not long ago a young Sudanese walked all the way to the Spanish frontier —a matter of about two thousand miles—in order to sign up with the legion. Volunteers are arriving from Negro Africa in increasing numbers. There have been a few Americans in the legion who stayed on to become sergeants because they liked the lizard's life in the sun, and Germans who came here because some war-crimes commission was after them.

Occasionally a tourist in Spain will succumb to the call of the wild and the lures of a recruiting poster. "I'd had too much to drink the night before," a Belgian explained, making a wry face. "I was in Barcelona and feeling very bored with myself, so I signed up. I've had *mille regrets* since then. And still another two years to kick myself for it." On the other hand, the happiest fellow I met in the Sahara is a German bricklayer who enlisted when he ran out of money while visiting Andalusia. He likes everything about the legion—the food ("there's so much of it I can't finish it all"), the company (*"meine Kollegen"*),

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the climate ("so much sunshine, only sometimes too hot"), and the training ("better than we had in the German Army"). He comes from Munich, speaks Spanish with a heavy German accent and German with a heavy Bavarian accent, which is further impeded by being strained through a bristling black beard. The legion is one of the world's few regular infantries in which beards are authorized decorations—presumably as outward symbols of inward fortitude. As the platoons grow more and more hirsute they begin to look like Fidelistas in dress fatigues; an unintentional effect, I should say. Talking to some with beards and some without, I noticed that here, just as in Washington Square, a man's social *ressentiment* seems directly proportional to the amount of hair on his face: why is that?

THERE HAVE BEEN Britons in the African legions ever since the 1840's, when the son and namesake of Thomas Moore ("Believe me, if all those endearing young charms") lost his life with one of the *régiments étrangers* in Algeria. But Englishmen, on the whole, do not enjoy a good reputation in the Spanish legion. "Many have been unable to adapt themselves to the hard life of the legion, and have tried to desert or feign illness," a British military attaché told me. "And some, after deserting or finishing their service, have written exaggerated accounts for the press about its 'horrors.' "

The only Briton I met in the Sahara, however, has made what guidance counselors would call an excellent vocational adjustment. He is a high-strung, adventurous type from Edinburgh who has spent ten of his twenty-eight years in various peoples' armies. His name is Charles Moncrieff. He says that his father was a lieutenant colonel in the Royal Marines, that he himself enlisted in the British Army at eighteen and spent five years in Malaya as a specialist in explosives. Then, for nearly a year, he was one of Tshombe's mercenaries in the Congo. "A hundred quid a month when you got it. And you could always pick up extra money looting—'looking for a life,' as the Spanish say. Our main job was to stop them blowing up Tshombe's bridges. I went to London for six months after that but got stinking bored. I tried knocking about France doing nothing, but then went over to San Sebastián, and that's where I joined the legion. Two years ago. When you first get here it's not very good, but it grows on you. Now I'm the dog handler here, and that's a job I like. No, don't worry about them," he added, as the German shepherds came charging out of the kennels. "They're very friendly. They only bite on command."

The legionnaires' main gripes have to do with sand and women: too much of one and too little of the other. "There used to be a brothel here," said a bugler at one of the desert forts. "Five women for eight hundred men. But a priest came and wrote a letter to the minister, and the minister didn't like it, so they sent them away last year." The sand comes in unlimited quantities, but only part of it is decoratively arranged in the form of dunes. "It gets in your teeth all the time," said a young recruit from Asturias. The hot desert wind (known in countries to the north as the sirocco) also drives it into your eyes, ears, nose, and throat; into the lenses of your cameras, the transmission of your Spanish-made Land-Rover, and the sound-hole of your Spanish guitar. Castanets sound positively gritty in this climate. The legion's field uniform calls for goggles, a *siroquera* cloth that keeps it out of your neck, and open-toed sandals that allow the sand to run out as quickly as it pours in.

LIFE in these red-hot/ice-cold latitudes is like some giant dress rehearsal for the first man-made settlements on the moon. There are a few pinpoints of human existence surrounded by a vast geological void. The two coastal towns, El Aaiún and Villa Cisneros, are both built around Foreign Legion camps, and farther inland the Spanish have constructed a handful of desert forts with watchtowers and crenellated walls. Beyond that is only a lunar landscape of rocks and sand—a countryside so arid and impenetrable that it was left unmapped, unclaimed, and ungoverned until the beginning of this century. Only in 1934 did the Spanish government bring the hinterland of the Provincia del Sahara Español under effective administration. But although Spain was the last European power to establish a foothold in the desert, it is also the most tenacious in holding onto it.

At last count there were less than 19,000 native Saharans (any census here is complicated by the fact that the nomads move around more swiftly than the census takers). But what the province lacks in population it makes up in size: there are 105,448 square miles of territory, which makes it slightly larger than half of peninsular Spain, and works out to about five and one half square miles per person.

Neighboring Morocco and Mauretania have both laid claim to this territory. After Moroccan independence in 1956, bands of irregulars calling themselves the Moroccan Army of Liberation pushed down through the Spanish Sahara on their way to wrest Mauretania from the French. The lightly manned inland forts were hastily evacuated. But near El Aaiún, at the cavalry post of Edchara, a company of the legion made a classic last stand against the irregulars and was wiped out like General Custer at the Little Big Horn—a captain, two lieutenants, and eighty-five *caballeros*. (Their memory, says a grim little plaque at the spot, "shall serve as a constant example of heroism" to their replacements.) Shortly afterwards, in February, 1958, the Spanish and French launched a joint counteroffensive that quickly pushed the invaders back into Morocco. Since then the legion has stepped up its strength to about twenty thousand men, and quiet reigns once more along the entire two-thousand-mile frontier. Things are so quiet, in fact, that the loudest noise you can hear in the desert is the ticking of your watch.

THE TRICKY JOB of actually patrolling this immense stretch of border falls to the Agrupación de Tropas Nomadas, or ATN—the last great camel corps in the style of T. E. Lawrence or the seven pillars of Glubb. To see one of their patrols padding noiselessly onto the horizon is a sight to make your heart leap into your mouth: the officer in front, his lance corporal just behind with pennant fluttering, and then in sin-

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gle file eight or nine troopers with sharpshooters' rifles dangling from their pommels. The whole performance would wring gnashes of envy from the most push-button Pentagon technocrat. The ATN also has a stable of Land-Rovers, but the mountainous and craggy stretches to the east are impassable for any sort of vehicle. In the valleys of the moon, the nomad trooper and his camel are indispensable.

These Moorish and R'Guibat tribesmen of the Sahara are magnificent-looking people whose ancestors long ago discovered how to make an art out of survival in this murderous desert. Theirs is an austere, elegant way of life defined by an old proverb as "a tent, clean sand, and a camel." The dark-blue and brown tents, the black turbans, burnt-ocher robes, and white, gray, and yellow sands are all part of some master pattern designed by the Great Art Director in the sky. The sand—the land—belongs to no one in particular. On camelback the nomad enjoys the freedom of the high seas, and it has not yet occurred to him to circumscribe his million-acre domain with anything so absurd as a title deed.

BEFORE the Spanish arrived, the rival tribes were forever gunning each other down at the water holes and raiding each other's camel herds. These traditional aggressions are now sublimated into the camel corps, which has the double advantage of being both romantic and utilitarian. The ATN polices the oases and caravan routes, brings emergency aid to isolated families, and pays its troopers princely sums—up to $200 a month, plus rations and quarters—for doing precisely what they like best, which is riding camels. The ATN scouts who were my guides in the desert seemed to think that this was the living fulfillment of a nomad dream: it gave him a camel, a rifle, a khaki uniform with a red dress cape and a black turban, a steady supply of imported groceries for himself and his one to four wives, and the chance to educate his children at an oasis school where both Spanish and Saharaui are spoken.

Some nomads have brought it as far as *comandante* (major) in the ATN, but virtually all the camel officers are Spanish—usually old desert hands who have spent their army lives in Spain's various North African possessions. Most of them are intensely proud of their Leatherstocking role in this frontier drama—the latest installment in the old love-hate symbiosis between Spaniard and Moor. They keep gazelles and desert foxes and even miniature dinosaurs (skinks and geckos) as pets. They regard the desert with the desperate passion of a lover for a particularly demanding and dangerous mistress. "I've been in Africa for twenty years," one of

them said. "I couldn't go back to Madrid again. I wouldn't know how to behave when I got there."

He lives in spartan officers' quarters in the multiple-domed camel-corps headquarters at Smara, about three hundred miles and a hard day's drive from the nearest outburst of civilization. Whenever his paper work permits he goes out on long-range patrols with his camels, and he likes to spend his spare time hunting gazelles and antelopes in the desert hills. Like most of the camel officers at Smara, he is also an avid amateur archaeologist. Within an hour's ride of the fort lies one of the world's most extraordinary galleries of prehistoric art: a series of rock outcroppings, half buried in sand, on which are engraved hundreds of vivid pictures of animals and men.

This Stone Age Louvre has yet to be photographed or catalogued, and the experts are not certain of its age except that this is some of the earliest art on record. It may be as old as 15,000 or as young as 5,000 B.C., give or take a few millennia. Obviously these pictures belong to an epoch when the Sahara had a lot more water, for here as in Libya and Algeria there are river animals—crocodiles and hippos—along with land-based creatures that have since disappeared: elephants, buffalo, and rhinoceros. The human figures among them are nearly always subordinate to the animals, but here and there an artist has engraved the image of a solitary hunter, arms outstretched in the form of a crucifix.

SOME of these sandstone plates have split off from their rock base and are lying strewn about in the open desert like so many leftovers from an artists' picnic. The colonel in charge of Smara, an *aficionado* of the stone bulls, has begun rounding up the loose pieces to take them into protective custody. The courtyard of his headquarters already contains a collection of treasures worthy of Lascaux or Altamira, and in the tiny officers' club there is a pair of gazelles for which any museum director would cheerfully give his eyeteeth.

There is no danger, as yet, that marauding tourists will make off with these as souvenirs. Visitors to the province are discouraged by the need for a government safe-conduct and the lack of any habitable hotel. There is talk of building one, but it may be years before this place is put on the tourist map. If you want to see the Spanish Sahara, you must either join the Foreign Legion or be prepared to settle for a tent, clean sand, and a camel.

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The Silver-Tongued Southpaw

JAY JACOBS

WAY BACK in my earliest teens, when the grasses and I were both a bit greener, I struck up a correspondence with a journeyman pitcher in the American League. Once a week during the baseball season I would receive, in return for my own lavishly illustrated twelve- and fourteen-page testimonials to the altogether mythical puissance of my hero's right arm, a postcard whose obverse invariably featured an idealized view of whatever hotel it happened to be written from, and whose reverse almost as invariably would have something like this to say:

"Hello Jay—We played three games in St. Louis last weekend. It was hot. I lost 9-3. We play Chicago tomorrow, Wed. and Thurs. I probably won't start. Write."

The constancy of my pen pal's prose style was rooted in three factors: it is *always* hot in St. Louis during the playing season; my man (who, if I'm not mistaken, was the losingest pitcher in the league that year) unfailingly took his lumps to some such tune as 9-3; and he changed teams as often as most men change their socks, somehow always managing to join a new outfit just as it was embarking for St. Louis.

It might be supposed that the reason for the latter phenomenon was that my man was more effective than most against St. Louis, and that each of his successive employers craftily took him aboard on the eve of an engagement with the old Browns, hoping to capitalize on a sure thing. The plain fact, however, is that St. Louis could not have beaten your grandmother in those days—or anyone else except my correspondent, who lost to the Browns as regularly and as easily as he was clobbered by the New York Yankees. Late in the season, the Browns proved to be as maladroit tactically as they were mechanically by trading an innocuous outfielder for my friend, thereby snatching two or three additional defeats from the jaws of almost certain victory. An ancillary result of this transaction was a slight change in the content, if not the form, of the messages I received during the rest of the campaign: "We played three games at home last weekend. It was hot. I lost 14-3."

AS LACONIC as my friend may seem in retrospect, he was no mean stylist. As a pitcher, he may not have relished it, but the impeccable "I lost 9- [or 14-] 3" is a sentence of which any writer might be proud, and one that clearly is superior in every way to the few analogous documents we have. Consider, for example, Ring Lardner's Jack Keefe, who more or less typified his confreres of *that* era, or Jim Brosnan, who published a personal chronicle of the 1959 semester (during which he performed with notable mediocrity for St. Louis and Cincinnati), and who is more or less representative of the ballplayer of the present era. KEEFE (*You Know Me, Al*): "The way my arm was I ought never to of went in there." BROSNAN (*The Long Season*): "The tensions of the inning plus the heat and humidity undermined whatever strength I had left after throwing eighty-seven pitches, many of them frustratingly good ones."

In those days, ballplayers came mostly from the farm or the hills, and were a taciturn lot. Even when they did open their mouths, their utterances usually were either unprintable or tobacco juice.

About that time, I became the New York correspondent for a West Coast "newspaper" (a mimeographed monthly got up by a couple of St. Louis Cardinals enthusiasts of Japanese extraction, whose publishing empire collapsed with Pearl Harbor). As an unaccredited member of the working press, I would hang around outside the visitors' clubhouse at the old Polo Grounds after games, in the hope of being granted an interview by Joe Medwick, Lon Warneke, or Enos Slaughter during the long subway ride downtown. Unfortunately, the discourse of most of the heroes I was able to get within earshot of was limited to speculations, heavily garnished with barnyard imagery, concerning the young woman who happened to be traveling in the same car. Thus, the only by-line I ever got was the result of an outrageously extended paraphrase of a four-word observation (". . . , I don't know") by Don Padgett, the club's catcher of the moment.

My only reason for Prousting back to a *temps perdu* is to emphasize the change that has come over the American ballplayer during the intervening years, and to note that anyone having doubts about the cultural explosion in this country has only to turn to the sports pages to dispel them. Three decades back, ballplayers either butchered the mother tongue ("He slud into second base") or left it alone (Charley Gehringer and Frank Crosetti, among many others, were proverbial for their unbroken silences); and those few big leaguers who emitted intelligible sounds with a frequency approaching that of the average Maine lighthouse keeper invariably earned nicknames like "Gabby" or "Lippy."

TODAY, however, it seems to be almost impossible to get a ballplayer to shut up, and the ordinary sports-page interview is a melange of polysyllables, periodic sentences, intensive analysis, and general erudition that would give pause to an Edmund Wilson. Indeed, just as any reference to a ballplayer in my youth was preceded by some such fixed epithet as "slugging," "rubber-armed," "gangling," "colorful," or "lead-footed," it is now almost impossible to find any .230 hitter's name unpreceded by an "articulate" or not followed by reference to his *Weltanschauung*. "Perhaps the articulate Bobby Bragan of the Braves said it best," says Arthur Daley in the *Times;* "'I'd only get myself confused,' offered the highly articulate left-hander," writes Harold Rosenthal of Jim Kaat in the *Herald Tribune;* Joseph Durso of the *Times* tells us that Ken Boyer is "a solid articulate man with steady brown eyes and curly brown hair."

Still concentrating on ballplayers from the neck up, Mr. Durso tells

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us a few months later: " 'When you're 4-and-15 with a crew cut,' the thinking man's pitcher said, 'you've got nothing to lose by letting your hair grow.' " And the same day, on the same page, Bill Becker writes: "An analytical sort, Knoop, afield, studies batters. . . ." (We are not told what Knoop studies *off* the field, but the implication seems to be that it's nothing less recondite than quantum mechanics or Provençal literature). "He is the club's acknowledged crossword puzzle expert."

"Unlike the stereotype of the lobby-sitting baseball player," writes an anonymous *Times* man, "he [Sandy Koufax] appreciates good books and good music." That Koufax also appreciates fine semantic distinctions is pointed out elsewhere in the *Times* by Peter Bart, who quotes the pitcher as saying: "The negotiations have reached the point where they come down to basic principles. . . . You might say that Don [Drysdale] and I are fighting for an antiprinciple. . . ."

Wes Parker is described by Dick Schaap of the *Trib* as "a first baseman who reads Hemingway and talks earnestly"; Bob Shaw, according to Larry Merchant of the New York *Post*, "is a Met with a lot of theories on a lot of subjects, more theories than Da Vinci"; and Mr. Becker of the *Times* has this to say of Rick Reichardt, a twenty-three-year-old outfielder for the California Angels:

"Reichardt needs only nine academic credits to gain a university degree. A psychology major, he is full of self-analysis and some self-doubts. . . . Reichardt's biggest problem is conditioning. 'I'm the mesomorphic type,' he explained, keeping a straight face. . . .

"Reichardt was asked if some of the older players resented his large bonus. He said he didn't think so."

In my youth, this last would have been a euphemism—had large bonuses been paid to untried ballplayers—for a two-word reply. The chatty Mr. Reichardt, however, is just warming to his theme:

" 'This team has outstanding rapport,' Rick, the psychologist, said. 'I take a lot of kidding about the bonus, from the young fellows and the old ones. When they stop kid-

Iceboxes

Not many survive. Some
are on vacation in
Maine or Minnesota—
such last resorts as lack
the assurance of ease,
but are approximate
to ponds and an icehouse.
Some others of them are
soon to retire; they sit
like comfortable old men
on screened-in back porches,
waiting to be remembered.
For the few still active,
the luxury of catering
to their eccentric ways
seems foolish sentiment.
One imagines all the rest
useless—dark acreages
mournful and temperate—
huddled against themselves,
eternally recalling
the summers of their lives.

Iowa

The question is: What am I doing here
Where the smell of hogs fattens on the wind,
And a prolific corn men can't eat dries
On the stalks, and even the dirt I find
Bedding my back lawn is rockless and black
So I feel guilty not to have a crop
Ripening? I have no answer to that.
There is no good reason a man should stop
Here where life is all horizon and reach,
And the sky equals the earth, and the fields
Lie level and easy. Where are your rocks
Huddled out of sight, ready to blunt steel,
To bring you up short, to stagger your breath?
Where did you find glaciers so courteous?
Where is your ocean, and the snarl of tide
You can't tame, and the piney wilderness
Spilling an east wind up the green hillsides?
The question is: How can I begin living
Outside the old walls that reminded me
How much world I must take, how little is given?

—Robley Wilson, Jr.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.151

by HENRY ALLEN

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DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
46 196 6 152 198 206 142 194 224
208 An air conditioner in technical jargon, perhaps (4-6).

B
24 216 190 166 16 28 44 212 128
104 222 India or a baseball field, perhaps (5,6).

C
122 4 214 112 126 60 180 12 The outcome of (6,2).

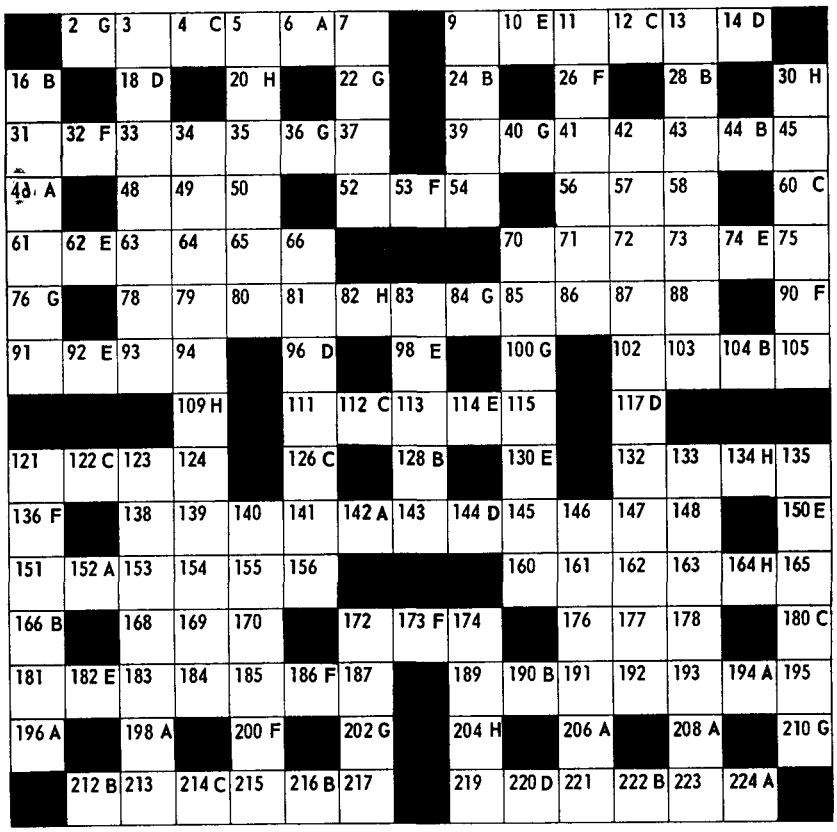
D
96 18 117 14 144 220 Person to whom goods or money is entrusted for release of prisoner waiting for trial.

E
74 150 92 62 114 182 98 10 130 Beverage in the Hottentot region of South Africa (6,3).

F
53 26 186 90 136 200 32 173 An opening in a deck or floor)

G
22 40 84 202 2 36 210 76 100 Member of bombing squadron.

H
204 134 164 82 109 30 20 Pertaining to a wedding.



ACROSS

2. A backward mother of a French father currently joined in a unit.
9. To fakedown again may be only back thrust.
31. The Acrostician's trouble zone.
39. Where the gardener keeps his top soil. Let the doctor tip it (4,3).
48. The sun in Spain this summer and also last summer.
52. The female of the species heard from.
56. Mouths that put their oar in.
61. To drip or hold a camera.
70. Ask the state whether it's 49 or 50.
78. They eat no flesh but save to get rain.
91. Great Scott? No decision.
102. Ekes out sometimes to find.
111. Pitch, not tar; toss, not pot.
121. Runt moving around perhaps on the dance floor.
132. A stew appropriate to the rundown neighborhood it comes from.
138. Use something too much or too often. You must work under what's on top.
151. Man's alternative in the ancient world.
160. It sags, so prod it, please.
168. I had a short need for help.
172. Try the ancient war god.
176. Skill to expect from a salty sailor.
181. Indicate a hundred to none.
189. Farm bargains offered; for example, a leg's up (3,4).
212. The French boy in the family and what he studies.
219. A letter indeed can take off everything.

DOWN

3. I have a manuscript that's huge.
5. A New England faggot? Golly me! Why not? (3,3).
7. Organs are plural.
9. Spithead port is home to you, the doctor, and the dyer.
11. Girl in a kind of lily or something.
13. The horn of a dilemma makes a dead end.
16. Ask Ted if he emulated Hans or Sonia.
30. Assume the offensive. The point's last.
34. Is he vapid in no way? He nourished impossible desires (5,2,4).
42. Teen-ager companion and electronic devices.
66. They owe money and used to live in the Fleet.
70. The war raid sent things sky high.
83. The anchor is ready to let go when you rap it.
121. Three times rich and French.
123. A novel tale of adventure.
133. When Art's on the dole, dancers have to wear this.
135. D ——— steam! It's equipped for sailing.
140. Provides for the financial future with brand-new sod.
146. Jason's ship in an ancient kingdom in Spain.
172. The bird that sounds in order.
174. Tear apart in a later ending.

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ding, I'll know there might be some resentment.' "

What has he done with the $200,000?

" 'It's invested in a diversified portfolio,' said Rick, the financier. 'Selected stocks and bonds which my investment counselor tells me should double in value every six or seven years. . . .' "

Then, of course, we have Mr. Brosnan, who, forced to choose between life in the bullpen and a life of letters, chose the latter and such poetic locutions as "The Shenandoah Valley glowed hospitably under a prespring zephyr" and "a mechanical apparatus that throws rubber baseballs lends a synthetic, disenchanted feeling to the whole operation."

MY OBJECTION to getting all this argle-bargle about the psyche, economics, labor relations, literature, and whatnot from ballplayers is that I'm already getting it from Dr. Rose Franzblau, John Kenneth Galbraith, Paul Jacobs, Marianne Moore, and Susan Sontag, none of whom can field a line drive much better than Dick Stuart can, or throw much harder than Stu Miller. And if ballplayers these days are wont to wax eloquent, I don't mind, but the least they can do is stay off other people's turf and tell me something I don't know about their own specialty. (To make no bones about it, they can stay off *my* turf; nobody's paying me $200,000 bonuses to be joshed by my fellow writers.)

To the best of my knowledge, only one ballplayer, in all the years I've followed the game, has ever dished up the real inside poop on anything within his range of competency. That was another of my boyhood heroes and correspondents, a semi-illiterate mountaineer from Appalachia who toiled briefly in the National League, and who achieved some fleeting notoriety by felling a playmate with the hide of a horse a few hours after allegedly calling his shot in a hotel lobby. A day or two after an inconclusive investigation by the district attorney's office (during which my man was the very model of outraged innocence), I received a penciled note from the suspect stating: "My Controll is gitting a Lot better sence I rote to you."

BOOKS

Who Is Robbe-Grillet?

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

HE MUST have decided that this world of ours is a world without human beings in it, or rather a world in which man is unknowable, and the only reality we can grasp is that of things. This explains his tendency to describe in the most minute detail, as though he were an appraiser or a surveyor (he has been, after all, an agricultural engineer), the weight, bulk, fluidity, and expanse of whatever his eye lights on. If his eye happens to light on a man, he describes him in the same way: his appearance, his manner, and what he says, leaving out any conjecture as to what he may want or feel or think. Who would presume to know any man from within?

But if the inner life of the human being is abolished, we ask ourselves uneasily, isn't character in the novel also abolished? Isn't this the end of the "hero"? Isn't it also the end of plot, of story, indeed the end of literature itself?

For many people, the New Novel does not represent the search for a new art form but the desire to pull down the fine old literary edifices of the past in order to replace them with flimsy structures, the way city planners keep pulling down the great mansions of earlier days and putting up so-called housing developments in their place. And it looks as though Robbe-Grillet were the pioneer of this movement.

Such, at least, is his current image, or rather the current caricature. The reality is far more complex. In the first place, who has read him? One of the most surprising facts about "the Robbe-Grillet phenomenon" is that this forty-three-year-old writer, whose name is known all over the world, whose works have been translated into eighteen languages, and who has written five novels and two films (*Last Year at Marienbad* is one of them), is actually very little read. Even the literary critics hardly read him, or anyway only after long delay. Every time a new Robbe-Grillet novel comes out, it is always the earlier books that they praise. The most recent of his novels, to be published this August in America and called *La Maison de Rendez-vous*, is no exception to this rule. Most of the critics have declared that this book, so new in tone, was an astonishing and unfortunate aberration on the part of a writer who had written such masterpieces as *The Erasers, The Voyeur, Jealousy, In the Labyrinth*—all of which in turn

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they had lambasted outrageously at the time of publication, if indeed they had bothered to mention them at all.

WHAT is at the root of this resistance to a Robbe-Grillet whom the critics always end, after a while, by accepting? It is certainly rooted in fear, in fact in two fears. Fear, first of all, of what is new in his work, since none of his books can be said to belong to any of the literary trends already established. Worse still, none of his novels can be related to those which have preceded it. This, as Robbe-Grillet knows, annoys people. In a collection of essays and articles, *For a New Novel*, he writes: "The stammering newborn work will always be regarded as a monster, even by those who find experiment fascinating." Elsewhere in the same book, he says: "Flaubert wrote the new novel of 1860, Proust wrote the new novel of 1910. The writer must proudly consent to bear his own date, knowing that there are no masterpieces in eternity, but only works in history. . . ." And here is the root of the critics' second fear. Not only are they afraid of Robbe-Grillet; they are also afraid of being wrong about him. What if he turned out to be more than merely clever, more than merely a first-rate hawker of his wares? (Which of course in any case he is, or it would not have been he who became the center and symbol of the New Novel movement rather than some other writer—like Claude Simon, or Robert Pinget, or Nathalie Sarraute.) What if he were indeed, as he claims to be, and with arguments that are disturbingly sound, a great writer?

The answer is simply to read his books. Yes, read them. But how to judge them? Here we enter a realm in which none of us—neither critics nor writers nor readers nor editors—knows anything, in which everyone gropes in the darkness of the future with only the dim light that the past still sheds to go by. It is the realm of literature, the seminal realm of the imagination.

Jean-Paul Sartre, with his usual talent and vitality, has said again and again, and especially in his essay "What Is Literature?," that the goal of the writer, of the novelist, is "to reveal the world." ("Our task as writers is to portray the world and bear witness to it.") For Sartre, in other words, the writer should be part ethnologist, part sociologist, part Champollion, even part political analyst, undertaking to embody in himself alone all human knowledge. To this dictum Robbe-Grillet replies in a phrase, that the writer is not here to reveal the world but to invent it. "To invent the novel," he says, "is to invent man." There is only one means, literature, and only one tool, imagination.

In the twentieth century, however, imagination has fallen into somewhat ill repute, except among those so-called practical jokers the Surrealists. It is said that the purely imaginary has come to be considered false coinage. Nowadays, if a writer were to admit having abandoned himself wholly to his own imagination (yet what else is the artist to do?), he would run the risk of being called a traitor, a deserter from the

cause of reality who had ceased to care for the welfare of his fellow citizens, a dreamer, a reactionary—a betrayer, in sum, of his kind. We might almost as well be in a Communist country listening to sermons exalting socialist realism.

Needless to say, this does not destroy imagination, yet it does make it impose its camouflage. Most writers now feel that they must be "engaged" (to use the Sartre term) if they are to have a "clear conscience"; that, in other words, they must find some way of linking their work in one way or another to scientific and progressive movements.

This year the Prix Goncourt went to Jacques Borel, for *The Adoration*, a first novel in which he tried out the device of a psychoanalytic confession as a means of telling his own life story. The Prix Renaudot, awarded by the literary critics, also went to a first book, called *Things*. Its author, Georges Perec, who is a sociologist, makes no bones about his desire to show the attachment of our contemporaries to the things of this world that surround them. Both books are interesting and their authors are to be congratulated.

But is this sort of thing the writer's real goal? The great film critic André Bazin used to say that for the cinema to become an art, it had to "substitute for the world around us the world of our desires." Is this not equally true of literature? And anyway, is it not impossible for literature to do otherwise? It would not be difficult to show how far these books by Borel and Perec stray from reality and how much—and this is what is best about them—they depend on imagination. But since they do not openly admit their dependence, since they refuse to accept it, they cannot free themselves, they remain earthbound, shackled by logic, reasonableness, morality, and fear—fear, most of all, of the self.

IT IS exactly the opposite with Robbe-Grillet. With the ease of a man unaccustomed to refusing himself anything, of a writer who has freed both his pen and his person from many a prevailing prejudice, he deliberately abandons himself to the creations and fancies of his own imagination. Of course this liberty of his comes as a shock. Moreover, he does nothing whatever to make things easier for the reader, he provides no staircase, he rolls out no red carpet. Right from the first pages of his new book, there are steep cliffs to scale. Robbe-Grillet has no use for good manners, hence his reputation for being a "cold," a "chilling" writer. What he actually does is to exact from his readers a re-creation of reality. He plunges them into a world of images borrowed perhaps from what we ordinarily call reality, from what has come to us through our senses, but rearranged and recombined with one another to make new patterns. These patterns are almost indescribable. They are different in each of his books—which explains the everlasting surprise of the reader who discovers, just when he thinks he has found the key to Robbe-Grillet, that he will have to look for it all over again. Robbe-Grillet's patterns could be described in terms of movements in space, the movements, for in-

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stance, of a spiral constantly reforming and constantly passing the same point, but always higher and higher. Actually, however, these patterns are not intended to be described but to be experienced. It is like a jaunt to Coney Island. We have to get into the car with Robbe-Grillet, no matter how afraid we may be, and let ourselves be carried off into a region where we are going to lose track of all that is familiar to us. Not just our way of looking at things and of moralizing about them, but our way of thinking. This last is of course the most difficult, the most irritating, indeed the most provoking and repellent. I myself happen to hate roller coasters and at the same time I very much like the novels of Robbe-Grillet. Yet I can easily imagine that for some people it might be just the other way around.

Obviously, there is no room here for so large an undertaking as the analysis of Robbe-Grillet's novels one by one. But it can be said of all his books not only that they are peopled with characters but that man—the human being—is omnipresent in them.

Let us look, for instance, at the opening sentences of four of his novels. *The Erasers* begins: "In the subdued light of the coffee room, the *patron* arranges the tables and chairs, the ashtrays, the soda siphons; it is six o'clock in the morning." *The Voyeur* begins: "It was as if no one had understood." *In the Labyrinth* begins: "I am alone here, now well sheltered." And *La Maison de Rendez-vous* begins: "I have always liked women's flesh."

Right away you can see that everything that is said, everything that is expressed, everything that is seen, spoken, felt, imagined, is said, expressed, seen, spoken, felt, imagined by a human being. The charge of dehumanization brought against this writer is groundless, or at any rate is founded upon an extremely narrow concept of what is human. People want to pinpoint a man as this or that kind of person, they want to shrink him till he fits the head of a pin. Robbe-Grillet, like every serious writer, manages to stretch our idea of man a little, to decentralize it. Speaking of which, has it not been said that Freud's most revolutionary achievement was to have changed the center of man's being by shifting it from the conscious to the unconscious? What Robbe-Grillet means by his proposed decentralization is that there is no reality that the writer might describe; there is only what he imagines.

The title of his latest book, *La Maison de Rendez-vous,* could also stand for the "imagination." What else is the imagination, after all, if not a "maison de rendez-vous," a meeting place for all sorts of seemingly unrelated and unrelatable images brought together willy-nilly by something we have deeply rooted in us—the instinct for pleasure, for gratification?

The novel is set in Hong Kong, a city enthroned in our collective imagination as a seat of pleasure. The very words "seat of pleasure" suggest drugs, gambling, dollars, women, prostitutes, eroticism, mystery, luxury, police, assassination. They are all there in *La Maison de Rendez-vous,* arranged, however, in a surprising pattern, and carefully designed to be misleading. It is just as impossible to "tell the story" of this novel as to tell that of any of Robbe-Grillet's other books; just as impossible as it was to summarize the story of the film *Last Year at Marienbad,* written by Robbe-Grillet and directed by Alain Resnais, or that of *The Immortal,* written and directed by Robbe-Grillet alone—because the space-time relationships in all these works are no longer those to which we are accustomed.

Robbe-Grillet indubitably has an *Alice in Wonderland* side that has often surprised the critics. Like Lewis Carroll, Robbe-Grillet is a writer who uses humor, if humor means to keep on making fun of oneself and of the pretensions of one's own numskull of a mind that is forever busy concocting theories, systems, and hypotheses to account for the graver and more silent things, such as innocence, suffering, and death—in short, things felt as opposed to things formulated.

More nearly, perhaps, than any other contemporary writer, Robbe-Grillet succeeds in making us realize —probably because he himself is so aware of it—that literature works in a way similar to that of the human spirit. Sensibility perceives something new and as yet unexpressed; intelligence seizes it to elucidate it; the artist's eye and ear give it shape, a beautiful shape. We tell ourselves a "story." It is new, it is beautiful, it is the "New Novel." But then the new story becomes less new. It becomes an old story, and then it is time to throw it out, together with the stereotypes and clichés that go with it, and to set forth once again into the darkness towards what we feel most deeply. This cycle is man himself; it invents man at the same time that man invents it. And it is to this idea, the idea of the invention of man, not only evidenced but also defined by Robbe-Grillet, that the whole movement of the New Novel is bound.

Since it is impossible to create without destroying, much of the work of these writers of the New Novel consists, precisely as its detractors say it does, in destroying the

BOOKS BY ROBBE-GRILLET AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH

The Erasers, translated by Richard Howard. Grove. Evergreen Paperback.

For a New Novel, translated by R. Howard. Grove. Evergreen Black Cat Paperback.

La Jalousie, edited by Germaine Brée and Eric Schoenfeld. Paperback, Macmillan.

Last Year at Marienbad, translated by R. Howard. Evergreen Paperback.

Two Novels: Jealousy and In the Labyrinth, translated by R. Howard. Evergreen Black Cat Paperback.

The Voyeur, translated by R. Howard. Evergreen Paperback.

La Maison de Rendez-vous will be published by Grove in August.

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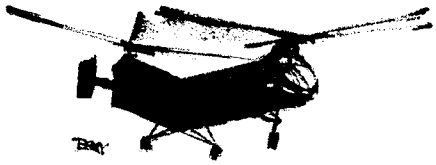
old patterns, the old novel, the novel itself. Yet they are destroying it only in order to re-create it.

What most shocks the general public in such works as *La Maison de Rendez-vous* or *Someone* by Robert Pinget, who has just won the Prix Fémina (these two books, like most of the other so-called New Novels, are published by Editions de Minuit), is that a moment is reached toward the end of them when it becomes apparent that nothing that has been said in them has really existed, that the story sketched out in them could have been a completely different story, that in fact they embody a number of possible versions of the same events, that the same characters appear under several different names, that the book itself serves the writer so that he may emerge suddenly from backstage like a puppeteer and cry out: "All this is only me, me alone!"

For many readers, it is like being plunged into a cold bath. But we must not allow ourselves to be taken in, like the people who once seriously believed that Picasso was only making fun of them. These writers intend no mockery, no forcing of bad farce upon an innocent public. What they want to do is to explain to the reader (and how can they explain except by making him experience it?) that literature is a story we tell ourselves, all of us tell ourselves, and that it ends by becoming our lives, and that there is nothing wrong with this. But it would be better, of course, if we were aware that what we tell each other are just stories because then, perhaps, we would fabricate stories still more beautiful and rich and human. We might even reach the point where we might all be able to tell them together.

There are writers today who do not want to write anything any more without the active participation of the reader, without his creative participation. Robbe-Grillet himself is adamant on this score. He demands that the reader cease to expect what he describes in *For a New Novel* as "a world completed, full, closed upon itself." He demands that the reader be willing at last "to invent in his turn the work—and the world—and thus to learn to invent his own life."



The Invisible Billionaire

JAMES R. PHELAN

HOWARD HUGHES, by John Keats. *Random House. $5.95.*

Four years ago, so many people were looking for Howard Hughes that at times Southern California resembled the chase ballet in *High Button Shoes*. The pursuit had its origin in the massive legal battle between Eastern financial interests and the billionaire Western loner over control of his Trans World Airlines. The Easterners engaged a posse of private investigators to serve Hughes with various court orders and writs, and Hughes promptly deployed a counterintelligence force to frustrate them. The drama of this war, enhanced by the intriguing fact that Hughes had not been seen in public for years, attracted a group of writers and photographers for national magazines. As the safari progressed, it was joined by a crowd of spear carriers, including a Los Angeles lawyer who specialized in suing Hughes, the way some lawyers confine their practice to maritime law.

AS A FREE-LANCE writer based on the West Coast, I was conscripted for the manhunt by four separate publications over an eight-month period. The Great Halloo generated some fascinating tableaux. Like an enormously wealthy Bugs Bunny, Hughes had so many rabbit holes that not even this army of hounds could keep them all under surveillance. In a typical week he was rumored to be simultaneously in Acapulco, Palm Springs, Rancho Santa Fe, Las Vegas, and on a yacht off Lower California. One photographer, acting on a tip, chartered a helicopter and roared up a Bel Air canyon and over the closely guarded walls of one of the Hughes mansions, firing at everything in sight with a rapid-trigger camera. At the time, according to a subsequent third-hand report, Hughes was three thousand miles away on an obscure Caribbean island.

Several of us spent weeks pursuing a sloe-eyed mystery woman who claimed to have a recent photograph of Hughes taken by her brother. She used a variety of names, and would talk to us only in a dimly lit Polynesian-type bar near La Cienega Boulevard. She demanded $1,500 for the picture, on the grounds that it was the only Hughes photo in existence taken since 1952. "How can you find Hughes," she argued, "if you don't know what he looks like now?" By a process too Byzantine in complexity to recount, we finally unmasked her as the girl friend of a Hughes security guard, and the photo as a fake.

Both the pro- and anti-Hughes forces were commanded by former FBI agents; this was a top-quality war employing only top-quality talent. The Hughes field general complained bitterly that his employer was in the intolerable position of financing both armies. "Hughes owns seventy-eight per cent of TWA, which is paying the law firm that is suing him, which is paying the investiga-

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tors who are hunting him," he said. He once confronted the opposing field general and urged him to exercise diligence: "So long as Mr. Hughes is paying you for hunting him," he said, "he expects an honest day's work."

The great manhunt reached an absurd climax one afternoon at 7000 Romaine Street in Los Angeles, an old two-story building that served as the "message center" through which Hughes ran his vast empire via telephone calls relayed to his top executives. A lawyer for the Eastern forces showed up, armed with a subpoena *duces tecum* commanding that Hughes materialize himself forthwith with a long list of TWA records. He hammered imperiously on the locked door, where we more seasoned Hughes-hunters had hammered in vain weeks before. When it failed to open, he stepped back and read the entire writ to the impassive entrance, like a bishop exorcising a dwelling possessed by a hostile spirit.

The professional hunters suffered a complete shutout, and we journalists did little better. Thomas Thompson of *Life* obtained an interview with Hughes's ex-barber, who reported that Hughes had grown a beard. I had a brief message from Hughes's wife, the former actress Jean Peters. It was filtered to me through a dense layer of intermediaries, and it said that she and the invisible man were happily married.

NONE OF US found the real live Hughes, and neither does *Howard Hughes,* a 304-page biography bearing the by-line of John Keats, author of *The Insolent Chariots* and *The Crack in the Picture Window.* The book, the first biography of Hughes, is a by-product of the great 1962 hunt, although Keats did not participate in it. Random House originally commissioned Hughes-hunter Thompson to produce the biography, but in 1965 he withdrew from the project and his draft was handed on to Keats. "My role was confined to that of car washer," Keats has declared. "The book was really written by another man, who asked his name be kept off it, and I rewrote it at Random House's request."

The book is an unofficial biography, lacking Hughes's blessing or help. Thompson didn't talk to Hughes and Random House forbade Keats even to inform Hughes of the work in progress, on the grounds that he would try to block publication. In view of Hughes's attachment to his privacy, this approach was probably the only way to get a book between covers.

There are many good biographies done as adversary proceedings; official biographies, indeed, are often fawning bores. But Hughes presents a unique problem for an unauthorized biographer: how does one recount the life story of an invisible man? It has been ten years since Hughes vanished into the total privacy that a man with a billion dollars can command. The handful of people who still see him are intensely loyal and respond to all questions about Hughes with polite smiles and stony silence. Nowhere in the Keats book is this elite group even identified, much less quoted.

The book was plainly inhibited by Hughes's hostility to close and candid scrutiny. It is timid in its critical appraisals and ambivalent in its conclusions. It opens with a disclaimer ("This book is, hopefully, merely an interim report") and closes with speculation ("One wonders what the view from San Limbo must be").

In between is an oddly bland synthesis of a life that boldly scorned the conventions. It dutifully recounts Hughes's eccentricities but does not illuminate them with motivation. And certainly there is more to Hughes than his well-known peculiarities—his secretiveness, his careless garb, his topsy-turvy working hours, his adherence to one-man rule in an age of corporative endeavor. He has proved himself, on the record, to be an off-beat sort of twentieth-century Renaissance man, flexible in action and possessed of a wide-ranging curiosity and an astonishing array of talents. He nurtured a $600,000 inheritance into an empire worth more than a billion dollars. Twenty years ago he designed, built, and briefly flew a giant wooden plane that could carry 750 passengers, a capacity still unequaled in the jet age. He gave the world Jean Harlow, a major international airline, and a cannon that can be fired like a machine gun. "Away back in 1957," says an associate, "he told me he was going to put a device on the moon that would send back pictures." The Hughes-built Surveyor 1 is up there now, and has relayed photographs of stones no bigger than a man's hand.

THE KEATS BOOK went to the printer only a month or so before the conclusion of the great TWA battle, and thus missed an ironic story. The Eastern forces finally won out; early this spring Hughes agreed to divest himself of his entire holdings in the airline, more than six million shares. Back in 1960, when he lost voting control of TWA to the Easterners, the stock stood at $13. He was bought out in May at over $83. In vanquishing him, the Eastern forces enriched Hughes by close to $500 million. The news stories of this enormously profitable setback brought to mind the laconic comment of one of his top aides early in the TWA battle. "Don't count Hughes out," he said. "He didn't get where he is by losing the big ones."

He is now involved, at least peripherally, in another court fight that reflects his well-honed sense of proprietorship. An organization called Rosemont Enterprises has sued Random House over publication of the Keats book. Indeed, according to a report in the New York *Times,* Random House has charged that Hughes created Rosemont precisely for this purpose. The Rosemont suit asserts that Hughes has conveyed to Rosemont "sole and exclusive world-wide rights" to exploit commercially "the name, personality, likeness or the life story or incidents in the life of Hughes," and it complains that Random House has poached on a private preserve. Rosemont has subpoenaed all of the Thompson-Keats-Random House correspondence. The secretary and general counsel for Rosemont Enterprises is none other than the chief counsel for Hughes in the TWA battle. If the suit is to succeed, it must establish that an individual owns the events he took part in throughout his life, and can dispose of accounts of them at his discretion, like the stock in an airline. Such a ruling would revolutionize the publishing industry, and the implications stagger the mind—like the notion of a camera on the moon.

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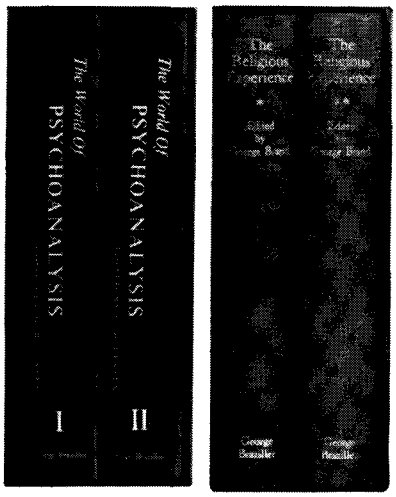

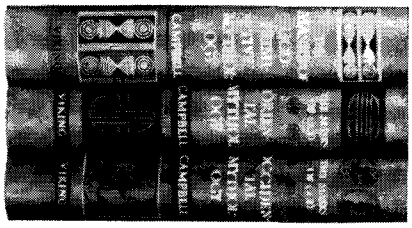

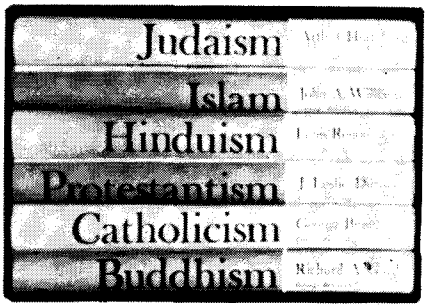

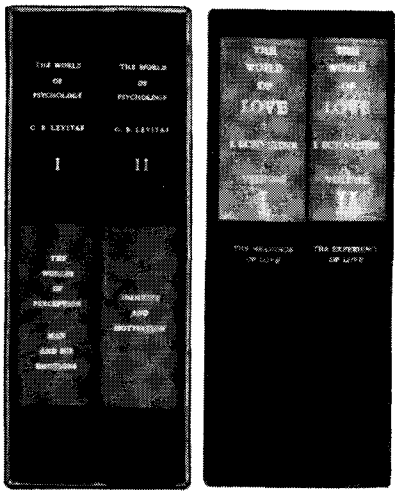

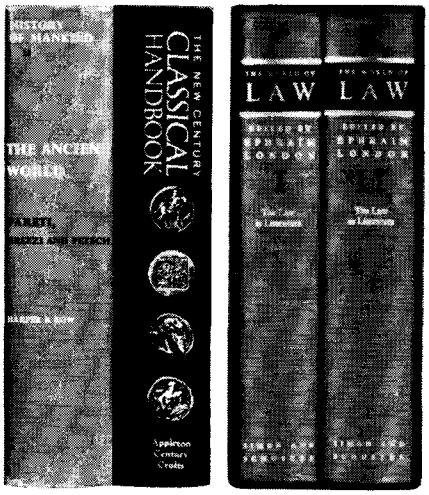

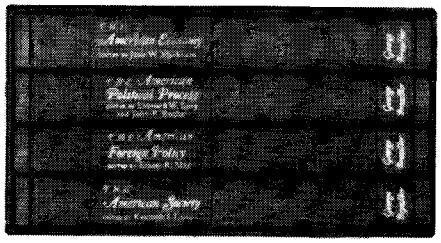

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